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THE

FREE SOIL

MINSTREL.



“Go forth with a trumpet’s sound,
And tell to the nations round—
On the hills which our heroes trod,
In the shrines of the saints of God,
In the ruler’s hall and the captive’s prison,
That the slumber is broke, and the sleepers are risen;
That the day of the scourge and the fetter is o’er,
And earth feels the tread of the Freeman once more.

BULWER.



NEW YORK :
MARTYN & ELY, 162 NASSAU ST.

1848.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by
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JOHN J. REED,
Stereotyper & Printer, 16 Spruce st.

P R E F A C E .

IN offering to the American public, a volume of Songs specially adapted to the glorious Free Soil movement, the publishers feel that they are rendering to the cause of Freedom a timely and efficient service. Music has ever been the handmaid of Liberty, attending her steps, celebrating her triumphs, or sharing her defeats. And now, when the spirit of '76 is abroad, kindling in thousands of hearts the determination to stand or fall for the Right and the True, the emotions thus awakened gush forth as naturally in song, as the morning orisons of the lark, who soars up in the sunshine like a thing of light and melody.

“An ardent love of humanity, a heart glowing with sympathy for the oppressed, and a due appreciation of the blessings of Freedom, have given birth to most of the poetry comprised in this volume.” The noble sentiments thus expressed, have been embalmed in sweet and spirit-stirring music in “The Free Soil Minstrel,” so that all the people, rich and poor, young and old, who have hearts to feel, and tongues to give utterance to their feelings, may sing the language of liberty, until it shall become incorporated with their very being. Most of the airs are simple and may be easily learned. They are arranged as solos, duetts, trios, and quartetts, and thus adapted for use in the domestic circle, the social gathering, liberty conventions, mass meetings—in short, wherever music is loved and appreciated.

In arranging and preparing this volume, the publishers have

been favored with the valuable assistance of George W. Clark, the well-known liberty singer, whose thrilling tones have so often electrified the hearts of thousands throughout the land. Many of the best pieces of music in the "Minstrel" were composed by him, and others have been arranged and harmonized by the same skilful hand. Those who have heard him sing "The Liberty Ball," "The Branded Hand," "I dream of all things free," or "The Yankee Girl," will not soon forget the emotions aroused by such sentiments coming through such a medium. At a period of intense excitement like the present, no book can be expected to excite general interest which does not sympathize with the popular feeling, and urge forward the popular cause. The "Free Soil Minstrel" does both, and therefore we bespeak for it a favorable reception from the friends of Free Soil, Free Speech, and Free Men, assured that they will find it a valuable helper in the great conflict on which they have entered.

THE

FREE SOIL MINSTREL.

HURRAH! FOR OUR CAUSE.

Air—The Campbells are coming.

1. Hur-rah! for our cause; let each man put his heart in, And
2. The North and the South shall no longer be kneeling, For

join in the song we are singing for Martin; Free
chang'd are the purpose, the will, and the feeling; The

soil is our pledge—its success we are sure in, And we
path we have cho-sen is wis - er and better, Than with

work, hand in hand, for Mar-tin Van Bu-ren. Free
par - ty to cling to the iron-bound fetter. Free

Soil-ers are com - ing, oh! ho! oh! ho! Free
Soil-ers, &c.

Soil-ers are com-ing, oh! ho, oh! ho, From

mountain and val-ley, They meet and they ral-ly, They

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written on the treble staff, and the bass line is on the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The score ends with a double bar line and the initials 'D.C.' (Da Capo) written above and below the staff.

ne - ver will dal - ly, oh! ho, oh! ho.

Free Soil we will have—work without melancholy,
 For Toil to the Freeman is pleasant and holy ;
 We'll bow to no power but the Spirit who gave us
 Such hearts—that Tyrants shall never enslave us.
Chorus. Free Soilers are coming, &c.

One effort, my brother—one pull all together,
 And the balance of party is light as a feather ;
 One party is trembling—hurrah! for our thunder,
 And the other—believe me—goes tumbling under.
Chorus. Free Soilers are coming, &c.

Then Freedom and Labor shall hold sweet communion ;
 The Rich and the Poor find a brotherly union ;
 The record of Time tell of Liberty's story,
 And "Our Country" again be the watchword of glory.
Chorus. Free Soilers are coming, &c.

THE FREE SOIL DEBATE.

Air "Old Granite State."

We have come to our meet-ing, Each
 Our stand for Van we've ta - ken, And with

oth - er kind - ly greet-ing, Re - solved to have no
 en - er - gy unshaken, The Na-tion we'll a-

cheating, In the free soil de - bate. O, the
 wak-en, In the free soil de - bate. In

mischief is a brewing, For Cass and Tay - lor's
spite of all those gra - ces, The Hunkers make wry

ruin, For the folks are up and do - ing, In the
faces, When they see us take our pla - ces, In the

free soil de - bate. Then hur - rah for
free soil de - bate. Then hurrah for
Then hur - rah for

1*

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two systems of three staves each. The top staff of each system is a vocal line, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

freedom, Then hurrah for freedom,
 freedom, Then hurrah for freedom, Then hur-
 freedom, Then hurrah for freedom, Then hur-
 Then hur-rah for freedom, In the old Empire State.
 rah for freedom In the old Empire State.

O, the Slavocrats are quaking, at the move we are making,
 They make a dreadful shaking, at the free soil debate :
 By the men whom they have cheated, they are sure to be defeated,
 Measure for measure meted, in the free soil debate :
Chorus—Then hurrah for freedom, Then hurrah for freedom,
 Then hurrah for freedom, In the Green Mountain State.

We'll have in our delegation honest men of every station,
 Who're resolved to save the nation, in the Congress debate ;
 For our faith we have plighted, that Dough faces shall be righted,
 And we'll all be united in the National debate.
Chorus—Then hurrah for freedom, Then hurrah for freedom,
 Then hurrah for freedom, In the Keystone State.

The Free Soil Voter's Song.

BY A. WARREN STEARNS.

Air, "Old Granite State."

Hark! the sound is swelling louder,
 Hear it booming o'er the plain,
 Like the rush of mighty waters—
 Hark! the echo rings again!
 Through the valley, o'er the mountain,
 By the river-side and sea,
 From Penobscot's farthest fountain,
 And from every northern lea.

Chorus—We are all free soilers, We are all free soilers,
 We are all free soilers, And we'll sound it through the land.

List, again! the sound approaches,
 Nearer yet, and nearer still—
 Lo, they come! the marshalled forces,
 Streaming over yonder hill!
 'Tis the mighty hosts of freemen,
 And the hardy sons of toil,
 They are girding on their armor,
 And their cry is heard—"FREE SOIL!"

Chorus—We are all free soilers, &c.
 Freemen, up! let's join the chorus,
 Let us swell the increasing throng;
 All around us, and before us,
 See the tide that rolls along;
 They rally from the northern lake,
 And from the eastern hill,
 While from their western prairie homes,
 Behold them, coming still!

Chorus—We are all free soilers, &c.
 Who would tarry now, or linger?
 Coward! let him stay behind!
 Freedom's cause must not be periled,
 We a better man can find!
 On, with speed! our eagle soaring,
 Waves his pinions once again,
 Slavery's chains shall break asunder,
 Ere it reach the western main.

Chorus—We are all free soilers, &c.
 Sing aloud the songs that gladden
 Each free soil voter's heart;
 Foes are spreading, hopes may wither,
 One more cheer and then we part.
 Huzza! huzza! for freedom's cause,
 Nor yield it but with life—
 We've enlisted for the battle,
 We are ready for the strife.

Chorus—We are all free soilers, &c.

THE LIBERTY BALL.

G. W. C.

Air, "Rosin the Bow."

First system of musical notation for 'The Liberty Ball'. It consists of three staves: a treble clef staff at the top, a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in the middle, and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style. The lyrics 'Come all ye true friends of the nation, Attend to humanity's' are written below the grand staff.

Come all ye true friends of the nation, Attend to humanity's

Second system of musical notation for 'The Liberty Ball'. It consists of three staves: a treble clef staff at the top, a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in the middle, and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The music continues from the first system. The lyrics 'call; Come aid the Free soil de- mon - stra - tion. And' are written below the grand staff.

call; Come aid the Free soil de- mon - stra - tion. And

Third system of musical notation for 'The Liberty Ball'. It consists of three staves: a treble clef staff at the top, a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in the middle, and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The music concludes the piece. The lyrics 'roll on the lib - er - ty ball—And roll on the lib - er - ty' are written below the grand staff.

roll on the lib - er - ty ball—And roll on the lib - er - ty

ball—And roll on the liberty ball, Come aid the free soil demon-

stra-tion, and roll on the lib-er-ty ball.

The Liberty hosts are advancing—
 For freedom to *all* they declare ;
 The down-trodden millions are sighing—
 Come, break up our gloom of despair.
 Come break up our gloom of despair, &c.

Ye Democrats, come to the rescue,
 And aid on the liberty cause,
 And millions will rise up and bless you
 With heart-cheering songs of applause,
 With heart-cheering songs, &c.

Ye Whigs forsake slavery's minions,
 And boldly step into our ranks ;
 We care not for party opinions,
 But invite all the friends of the banks,—
 And invite all the friends of the banks, &c.

And when we have formed the blest union
 We'll firmly march on, one and all—
 We'll sing when we meet in communion,
 And *roll* on the liberty ball,
 And roll on the liberty ball, &c.

How can you stand halting while virtue
 Is sweetly appealing to all ;
 Then haste to the standard of duty,
 And roll on the liberty ball ;
 And roll on the liberty ball, &c.

The question of test is now turning,
 And freedom or slavery must fall,
 While hope in the bosom is burning,
 We'll roll on the liberty ball ;
 We'll roll on the liberty ball, &c.

Ye freemen attend to your voting,
 Your ballots will answer the call ;
 And while others attend to *log-rolling*,
 We'll roll on the liberty ball—
 We'll roll on the liberty ball, &c.

The Home of the Free.

HARK ! hark ! to the TRUMPET of FREE-
 DOM !
 Her rallying signal she blows :

Come, gather around her broad banner,
And battle 'gainst Liberty's foes.

Our forefathers plighted their honor,
Their lives and their property, too,
To maintain in defiance of Britain,
Their principles, righteous and true.

We'll show to the world we are worthy
The blessings our ancestors won,
And finish the temple of Freedom,
That HANCOCK and FRANKLIN begun.

Hurra, for the old-fashioned doctrine,
That men are created all free !
We ever will boldly maintain it,
Nor care who the tyrant may be.

When Poland was fighting for freedom,
Our voices went over the sea,
To bid her God-speed in the contest—
That Poland, like us, might be free.

When down-trodden Greece had up-risen,
And baffled the Mahomet crew ;
We rejoiced in the glorious issue,
That Greece had her liberty, too.

Repeal, do we also delight in—
Three cheers for the "gem of the sea !"
And soon may the bright day be dawning,
When Ireland, like us, shall be free.

Like us, who are foes to oppression ;
But not like America now.

With shame do we blush to confess it,
Too many to slavery bow.

We're foes unto wrong and oppression,
No matter which side of the sea ;
And ever intend to oppose them,
Till all of God's image are free.

Some tell us because men are colored,
They should not our sympathy share :
We ask not the form or complexion—
The seal of our Maker is there !

Success to the old-fashioned doctrine,
That men are created all free !
And down with the power of the despot
Wherever his strongholds may be

We're proud of the name of a freeman
And proud of the character, too ;
And never will do any action,
Save such as a freeman may do.

We'll finish the Temple of Freedom,
And make it capacious within,
That all who seek shelter may find it,
Whatever the hue of their skin.

For thus the Almighty designed it,
And gave to our fathers the plan ;
Intending that liberty's blessings,
Should rest upon every man.

Then up with the cap-stone and cornice,
With columns encircle its wall,
Throw open its gateway, and make it
A HOME AND A REFUGE FOR ALL !

RIGHT ONWARD WE GO!

Allegretto.

Music by G. W. C.

We're a - float! we're a - float! on a fierce roll - ing

The storm gath-ers round us, the thun - der is

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature, and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

tide, Free Soil is our bark and the Truth is our

heard; What mat - ter? our bark ri - deth on like a

The second system of musical notation, continuing the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics continue below the vocal line.

guide; No rest for the slug-gard, no peace for the

bird; With the flag of the Un - ion a - bove our free

The third and final system of musical notation on this page, concluding the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics conclude below the vocal line.

foe, But thro' all op - po - si - tion right onward we go.
men, She has brav'd it before, and will brave it a - gain.

Far above the dark storm-cloud the clear sunbeams rest,
And the bright bow of promise gleams forth on its breast;
Before us a future of labor and love—
Free brethren around us—a just God above.

A future of labor, brave, honest and free—
No monarch, no slaves, but a brotherhood we;
A future of love, when the just and the true
Shall rule in the place of the strong and the few.

Throw out the broad canvass to catch the free wind—
Leave old party issues, like rubbish, behind;
With Van Buren and Adams to lead on our van,
Live and die we, for Freedom, for Truth, and for Man.

THE CLARION OF FREEDOM.

Words from the Emancipator.

Music "The Chariot."

The clar - ion— the clar - ion of Free-dom now

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/2 time. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

sounds, From the east to the west Non ex -

This system contains the next two staves of music. The notation continues from the first system. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

ten - sion re - sounds ; From the hills, and the

This system contains the next two staves of music. The notation continues from the second system. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

streams, and the far dis - tant skies, Let the

This system contains the final two staves of music on this page. The notation continues from the third system. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled "Free Soil Minstrel". It consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics "shout non ex - ten - sion and Free Soil a - rise." are written below the treble staff. The music ends with a double bar line.

The army—the army have taken the field,
 And the hosts of Free Soil never, never will yield;
 By free principles strengthened, each bosom now glows,
 And with ardor immortal the struggle they close.

The armor, the armor that girds every breast,
 Is the hope of deliverance for millions oppressed;
 O'er the tears, and the sighs, and the wrongs of the slave,
 See the white flag of freedom triumphantly wave.

The conflict—the conflict will shortly be o'er,
 And the demon of slavery shall rule us no more;
 And the laurels of victory shall surely reward
 The heroes immortal who've conquered for God.

SALT RIVER CHORUS.

Air, "Cheer up, my lively Lads." Arranged by G. W. C.

Con Spirito.

We've all turn'd out this glo - rious day, To
The bea - con lights of th' Em - pire State, Are

join the con - vo - ca - tion—To cheer the friends of
spreading thro' the na - tion, North, east and west are

li - ber - ty, And stop the slave ex - ten - sion. Then,
all on fire, In one great con - fla - gra - tion. Then,

cheer up, my live-ly lads, in spite of Cass or Taylor,

Cheer up, we'll stop their craft, and up Salt river sail her.

Our Southern friends are coming on—
 Fraternity's our motto;
 We welcome them with all our heart,
 As every freeman ought to.

Then, cheer up my lively lads,
 In spite of Cass or Taylor;
 Cheer up, we'll stop their craft,
 And up Salt river sail her.

We'll sing "free soil, free soil," my boys,
 Nor sing for Cass or Taylor;
 For Taylor rhymes are growing stale,
 And hunker songs grow staler.

Then, cheer up, &c.

Now slavery's craft is floating by,
 Containing Cass and Taylor,
 Aboard, my boys, and seize the helm,
 And up Salt river sail her.

Then, cheer up, &c.

For conscience whigs, and liberty men,
 And every true barnburner,
 Here join to stay proud slavery's curse,
 And from free soil to spurn her.

Then, cheer up, &c.

Our flag is floating on the breeze,
 Though not for Cass or Taylor,
 'Tis for FREE SOIL, FREE SOIL, my boys,
 And to the MAST we'll nail her.

Then, cheer up, &c.

WE'RE COMING! WE'RE COMING!

Words by G. W. C

Air, "Kinloch of Kinloch."

We're coming, we're coming, the fearless and free, Like the
True sons of brave fathers who battled of yore, When

winds of the des - ert, the waves of the sea! } We're
England's proud li - on ran wild on our shore! }

com - ing, we're com - ing, from mountain and glen, With

hearts to do bat - tle for free - dom a - gain; The

slave power is trem-bling as trem - bled be - fore, The

Slav - ery which fled from our fa - thers of yore.

We're coming, we're coming, with banners unfurled,
 Our motto is FREEDOM, our country the world;
 Our watchword is LIBERTY—tyrants beware!
 For the hosts of Free Soilers will bring you despair!
 We're coming, we're coming, we'll come from afar,
 Our standard we'll nail to humanity's car;
 With shoutings we'll raise it, in triumph to wave,
 A trophy of conquest, or shroud for the brave.

Then arouse ye, brave hearts, to the rescue come on!
 The slavery extenders we'll surely put down;
 They are crushing their millions, but soon they must yield,
 For *freemen* have *risen* and taken the field.
 Then arouse ye! arouse ye! the fearless and free,
 Like the winds of the desert, the waves of the sea;
 Let the north, west, and east, to the sea-beaten shore,
 Resound with a *liberty triumph* or ce more.

BRIGHT IS THE DAYBREAK.

Air, "Rory O'More," Arranged by G. W. C.

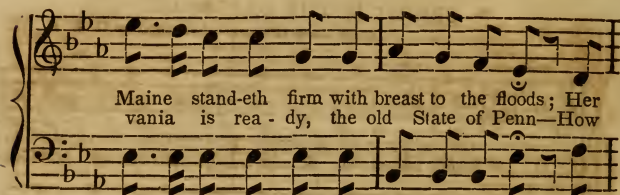
Moderato.

Oh, bright is the daybreak, and thrilling the sight of A-
Rhode Island is lit - tle, but goeth it strong; And Con-

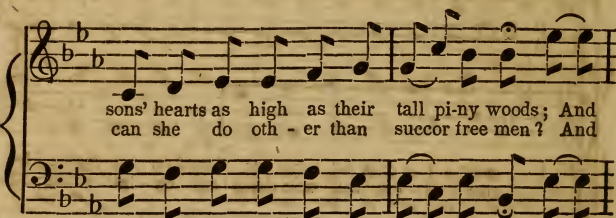
mer - i - ca's ral - ly for free - dom and right; Her
nec - ti - cut too, who don't 'cal - cu - late' wrong; New

sons and her daughters she calls from a - far, To
York! no mis - take, she will take up the Van; When New

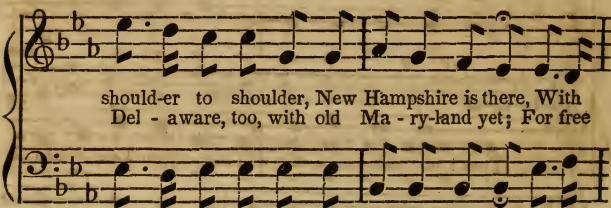
hail the bright ad - vent of Li - ber - ty's star. Old
Jer - sey a - ris - es, beat her if you can. Pennsyl -



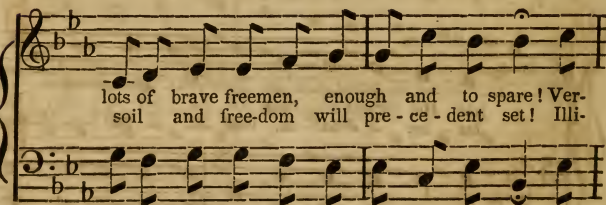
Maine stand-eth firm with breast to the floods; Her
vania is rea - dy, the old State of Penn—How



sons' hearts as high as their tall pi - ny woods; And
can she do oth - er than succor free men? And



should-er to shoulder, New Hampshire is there, With
Del - aware, too, with old Ma - ry - land yet; For free



lots of brave freemen, enough and to spare! Ver-
soil and free-dom will pre - ce - dent set! Illi-

mont, who shall count all her Green mountain boys? When
nois, In - di - an - a, I - o - wa, and all, With O-

Li - ber - ty rais-eth her cla - ri - on voice; Massa-
hi - o for freedom will stand or will fall; And

chu - setts, God bless her! When freedom's at stake, Every
soon thro' the length and the breadth of our land; Not a

soul of her children are up and a - wake!
heart shall be cold, not a re - cre - ant hand!

FREE SOIL GATHERING.

Words by Whittier.

Music by G. W. C.

A voice has gone forth, and the land is awake! Our

free-men shall gather from o - cean to lake, Our

cause is as pure as the earth ev-er saw, And our

faith we will pledge in the thrill-ing huz-za.

Then huz-za, then huz-za, Truth's

glittering fal-chi-on for free-dom we draw.

Let them blacken our names and pursue us with ill,
Our hearts shall be faithful to liberty still;
Then rally! then rally! come one and come all,
With harness well girded, and echo the call.

Thy hill-tops, New England, shall leap at the cry,
And the prairie and far distant south shall reply;
It shall roll o'er the land till the farthestmost glen
Gives back the glad summons again and again.

Oppression shall hear in its temple of blood,
And read on its wall the handwriting of God;
Niagara's torrent shall thunder it forth,
It shall burn in the sentinel star of the North.

It shall blaze in the lightning, and speak in the thunder,
Till Slavery's fetters are riven asunder,
And freedom her rights has triumphantly won,
And our country her garments of beauty put on.

Then huzza, then huzza,
Truth's glittering falchion for freedom we draw.

Let them blacken our names, and pursue us with ill,
We bow at thy altar, sweet liberty still!
As the breeze from the mountain sweeps over the river,
So, chainless and free, shall our thoughts be, for ever.

Then on to the conflict for freedom and truth;
Come Matron, come Maiden, come Manhood and youth,
Come gather! come gather! come one and come all,
And soon shall the altars of Slavery fall.

The forests shall know it, and lift up their voice,
To bid the green prairies and valleys rejoice;
And the "Father of Waters," join Mexico's sea,
In the anthem of Nature for millions set free.

Then huzza! then huzza!
Truth's glittering falchion for freedom we draw.

Be kind to each other.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection,
Of kindness—returned!

When day hath departed,
And memory keeps

Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love!

Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
Oh! be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.

SONG FOR THE ELECTION.

Air, "Scots wha hae."

Ye who know and do the right, Ye who che-rish
Boasts your vote no high - er aim, Than between two

hon - or bright, Ye who wor - ship love and light.
blots of shame That would stain our coun - try's fame.

Choose your side to - day. Suc - cor free - dom
Just to choose the least? Let it stern - ly

now you can, Vot - ing for a Free Soil man;
an - swer no! Let it straigh for Free - dom go;

Let not slavery's blight and ban, On your bal-lot lay.
Let it swell the winds that blow From the north and east.

Blot!—the smaller—is a curse,
Blighting conscience, honor, purse;
Give us any, give the worse,
 'Twill be less endured.
Freemen, is it God who wills
You to choose, of foulest ills,
That which only latest kills?
 No; he wills it cured.

Do your duty, He will aid;
Dare to vote as you have prayed;
Who e'er conquered, while his
 blade
 Served his open foes?
Right established would you see?
Feel that you yourselves are free;
Strike for that which ought to be—
 God will bless the blows.

Children of the Glorious Dead.

MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

Children of the glorious dead,
Who for freedom fought and bled,
With her banner o'er you spread,
 On to victory!
Not for stern ambition's prize,
Do our hopes and wishes rise;
Lo, our leader from the skies,
 Bids us do or die.

Ours is not the tented field—
We no earthly weapons wield;
Light and love, our sword and
 shield,
 Truth our panoply.
This is proud oppression's hour;
Storms are round us; shall we
 cower,
While beneath a despot's power
 Groans the suffering slave?

While on every southern gale,
Comes the helpless captive's tale,
And the voice of woman's wail,
 And of man's despair?
While our homes and rights are
 dear,
Guarded still with watchful fear,
Shall we coldly turn our ear
 From the suppliant's prayer?

Never! by our Country's shame—
Never! by a Saviour's claim,
To the men of every name,
 Whom he died to save.
Onward, then, ye fearless band—
Heart to heart, and hand to hand;
Yours shall be the patriot's stand—
 Or the martyr's grave.

PARTY OF THE WHOLE.

Words by E. Wright, jr.

Tune—" 'Tis Dawn, the Lark is Singing."

1. Will ye de-spise the a - corn, Just thrusting out its

2. Wilt thou des-pise the cres-cent, That trembles, newly

shoot, Ye gi - ants of the for - est, That

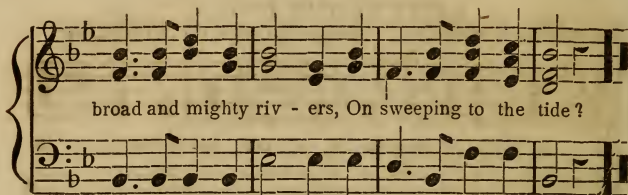
born, Thou bright and peer - less plan - et, Whose

strike the deep - est root? Will ye des - pise the

reign shall reach the morn? Time now his scythe is

stream - lets Up - on the moun-tain side; Ye

whet - ting, Ye gi - ant oaks, for you; Ye



broad and mighty riv - ers, On sweeping to the tide ?

floods, the sea is thirst - ing, To drink you like the dew.

That crescent, faint and trembling,
 Her lamp shall nightly trim,
 Till thou, imperious planet,
 Shall in her light grow dim ;
 And so shall wax the Party,
 Now feeble at its birth,
 Till Liberty shall cover
 This tyrant trodden earth.

That party, as we term it,
 The Party of the Whole—
 Has for its firm foundation,
 The substance of the soul ;
 It groweth out of Reason,
 The strongest soil below ;
 The smaller is its budding,
 The more its room to grow !

Then rally to its banners,
 Supported by the true—
 The weakest are the waning,
 The many are the few :
 Of what is small, but living,
 God makes himself the nurse ;
 While " Onward " cry the voices
 Of all his universe.

Our plant is of the cedar,
 That knoweth not decay :
 Its growth shall bless the mountains,
 Till mountains pass away.
 God speed the infant party,
 The party of the whole—
 And surely he will do it,
 While reason is its soul.

LIBERTY BATTLE-SONG.

From "The Emancipator."

Air—"Our Warrior's Heart."

A - rouse, ye friends of law and right, A-
All who in Free-dom's cause de - light, A-

Then clear the decks for ac - tion, clear! A-

rouse, a - rouse, a - rouse! } The time, the time, is
rouse, a - rouse, a - rouse! }

rouse, a - rouse, a - rouse!

D. C.

draw - ing near, When we must at our posts ap - pear;

Awake, and couch Truth's fatal
dart,
Awake! awake! awake!
Bid error to the shades depart,
Awake! awake! awake!
Prepare to deal the deadly blow,
To lay the power of Slavery low,
A ballot, lads, is our veto;
Awake! awake! awake!

Arise! ye sons of honest toil,
Arise! arise! arise!
Ye freeborn tillers of the soil,
Arise! arise! arise!
Come from your workshops and
the field,
We've sworn to conquer ere we'll
yield;
The ballot-box is Freedom's shield,
Arise! arise! arise!

<p>Unite and strike for equal laws, Unite! unite! unite! For equal justice! that's our cause, Unite! unite! unite! Shall the vile slavites win the day? Shall men of whips and blood bear sway? Unite, and dash their chains away! Unite! unite! unite!</p> <p>March on! and vote the hirelings down, March on! march on! march on! Our blighted land with blessings crown, March on! march on! march on! Shall Manhood ever wear the chain? Shall Freedom look to us in vain? Up to the struggle! Strike again! March on! march on! march on!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">'Tis a glorious Year.</p> <p>Words by Jesse Hutchinson, jr.</p> <p>'Tis a glorious year in which we live, Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! And now three hearty cheers we'll give, Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! From all the honest sons of toil, The cry is heard—"free soil! free soil!" Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!</p> <p>On every breeze glad tidings roll, Hurrah, &c.</p>	<p>And echoes bound from pole to pole, Hurrah, &c. All parties are rallying to the test, From the north and east and glo- rious west, Hurrah, &c.</p> <p>We pledge to free soil the eastern States, Hurrah, &c. And the west will go for our can- didates, Hurrah, &c. Whigs, democrats, will all unite, And liberty boys—for our cause is right, Hurrah, &c. .</p> <p>The good time, boys, is coming near, Hurrah, &c. And myriad hearts shall bless this year, Hurrah, &c. The orator's tongue and poet's pen All tell us where, and how, and when, Hurrah, &c.</p> <p>Then let us give three cheers once more, Hurrah, &c. With a voice as loud as "<i>Niagara's roar,</i>" Hurrah, &c. This shall inspire us as we toil; <i>Free men, free speech, and God's free soil,</i> Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Hurrah, &c.</p>
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GONE, SOLD AND GONE.

Words by Whittier.

Music by G. W. Clark.

1. Gone, gone—sold and gone, To the rice-swamp dank and

2. Gone, gone—sold and gone, To the rice-swamp dank and

lone, Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings, Where the

lone, There no moth - er's eye is near them, There no

noi-some in - sect stings, Where the fe - ver de - mon

mother's ear can hear them; Never when the torturing

strews Poi - son with the fall - ing dews, Where the

lash Seams their back with many a gash, Shall a

sick - ly sunbeams glare Through the hot and mis - ty

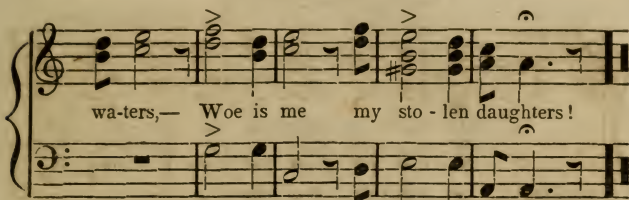
mother's kindness bless them, Or a mother's arms caress

air, - Gone, gone - sold and gone, To the

them. Gone, gone - sold and gone, To the

rice-swamp dank and lone, From Vir - gin - ia's hills and

rice-swamp dank and lone, From Vir - gin - ia's hills and



wa-ters,— Woe is me my sto - len daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,
 From the fields at night they go,
 Faint with toil, and rack'd with pain,
 To their cheerless homes again—
 There no brother's voice shall greet them—
 There no father's welcome meet them.— *Gone, &c.*

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 From the tree whose shadow lay
 On their childhood's place of play—
 From the cool spring where they drank—
 Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank—
 From the solemn house of prayer,
 And the holy counsels there.— *Gone, &c.*

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 Toiling through the weary day,
 And at night the Spoiler's prey;
 Oh, that they had earlier died,
 Sleeping calmly, side by side,
 Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
 And the fetter galls no more!— *Gone, &c.*

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 By the holy love He beareth—
 By the bruised reed He spareth—
 Oh, may He, to whom alone
 All their cruel wrongs are known,
 Still their hope and refuge prove,
 With a more than mother's love.— *Gone, &c.*

FREE SOIL CHORUS.

Air, "Auld Lang Syne."

Con Spirito.

All hail! ye friends of li - ber - ty, Ye
We wage no blood - y war - fare here, But
Nor care we aught for par - ty names, We

hon - est sons of toil, Come, let us raise a
glad - ly would we toil, To show the South the
ask not for the spoils; But what we'll have is

shout to - day, For free - dom and free soil.
match - less worth Of free - dom and free soil.
li - ber - ty, For free - men and free soil.

Chorus.

For free - dom and free soil, my boys, For

free - dom and free soil; Ring out the shout to

all a - bout, For free - dom and free soil.

Too long we've dwelt in party strife,
 'Tis time to pour in oil;
 So here's a dose for Uncle Sam,
 Of freedom and free soil.
 For freedom, &c.

Our southern neighbors feel our power,
 And gladly would recoil;
 But 'tis "too late," the cry's gone forth,
 For freemen and free soil.
 For freemen, &c.

Then let opponents do their best
 Our spirits to embroil;
 No feuds shall e'er divide our ranks
 Till victory crowns free soil.
 For freemen, &c.

They've called us *Sisslers* long enough,
 We now begin to *boil*,
 And ere November shall come round,
 We'll *cook them up* free soil.
 For freedom, &c.

Then let us sing *God bless the free*,
 The noble sons of toil;
 And let the shout ring all about,
 Of freedom and free soil.
 For freedom, &c.

THE BEREAVED FATHER.

Words by Miss Chandler.

Music by G. W. C.

Ye've gone from me, my gen - tle

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics 'Ye've gone from me, my gen - tle' are written below the piano staves.

ones! With all your shouts of mirth; A si - lence

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'ones! With all your shouts of mirth; A si - lence' are written below the piano staves.

is with - in my walls, A dark-ness round my

The third system of musical notation, concluding the visible portion of the page. The lyrics 'is with - in my walls, A dark-ness round my' are written below the piano staves.

hearth, A dark - ness round my hearth.

Woe to the hearts that heard, unmoved,
 The mother's anguish'd shriek!
 And mock'd, with taunting scorn, the tears
 That bathed a father's cheek.

Woe to the hands that tore you hence,
 My innocent and good!
 Not e'en the tigress of the wild,
 Thus tears her fellow's brood.

I list to hear your soft sweet tones,
 Upon the morning air;
 I gaze amidst the twilight's gloom,
 As if to find you there.

But you no more come bounding forth
 To meet me in your glee;
 And when the evening shadows fall,
 Ye are not at my knee.

Your forms are eye before my eyes,
 Your voices on my ear,
 And all things wear a thought of you,
 But you no more are here.

You were the glory of my life,
 My blessing and my pride!
 I half forgot the name of slave,
 When you were by my side!

Woe for your lot, ye doom'd ones! woe
 A seal is on your fate!
 And shame, and toil, and wretchedness,
 On all your steps await!

SLAVE GIRL MOURNING HER FATHER.

Parodied from Mrs. Sigourney by G. W. C.

They say I was but four years old When father was sold a-
Yet I have never seen his face Since that sad parting

way; } He went where brighter flow-ers grow Be-
day. }

neath the Southern skies; Oh who will show me

on the map Where that far coun-try lies?

I begged him, "father, do not go!
 For, since my mother died,
 I love no one so well as you;"
 And, clinging to his side,
 The tears came gushing down my cheeks
 Until my eyes were dim;
 Some were in sorrow for the dead,
 And *some* in love for him.

He knelt and prayed of God above,
 "My little daughter spare,
 And let us both here meet again,
 O keep her in thy care."
 He does not come!—I watch for him
 At evening twilight grey,
 Till every shadow wears his shape,
 Along the grassy way.

I muse and listen all alone,
 When stormy winds are high,
 And think I hear his tender tone,
 And call, but no reply;
 And so I've done these four long years,
 Without a friend or home,
 Yet every dream of hope is vain,—
 Why don't my father come?

Father—dear father, are you sick,
 Upon a stranger shore?—
 The people say it must be so—
 O send to me once more,
 And let your little daughter come,
 To soothe your restless bed,
 And hold the cordial to your lips,
 And press your aching head.

Alas!—I fear me he is dead!—
 Who will my trouble share?
 Or tell me where his form is laid,
 And let me travel there?
 By mother's tomb I love to sit,
 Where the green branches wave;
 Good people! help a friendless child
 To find her father's grave.

The Slave and her Babe.

WORDS BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

"Can a woman forget her sucking child?"

Air—"Slave Girl mourning her Father."

O, massa, let me stay, to catch
 My baby's sobbing breath;

His little glassy eye to watch,
 And smooth his limbs in death,
 And cover him with grass and leaf,
 Beneath the plantain tree!
 It is not sullenness, but grief—
 O, massa, pity me!

God gave me babe—a precious boon,
 To cheer my lonely heart,
 But massa called to work too soon,
 And I must needs depart.
 The morn was chill—I spoke no word,
 But feared my babe might die,
 And heard all day, or thought I heard,
 My little baby cry.

At noon—O, how I ran! and took
 My baby to my breast!
 I lingered—and the long lash broke
 My sleeping infant's rest.
 I worked till night—till darkest night,
 In torture and disgrace;
 Went home, and watched till morning
 light,
 To see my baby's face.

The fulness from its cheek was gone,
 The sparkle from its eye;
 Now hot, like fire, now cold, like stone,
 I *knew* my babe must die.
 I worked upon plantation ground,
 Though faint with woe and dread,
 Then ran, or flew, and here I found—
 See massa, almost dead.

Then give me but one little hour—
 O! do not lash me so!
 One little hour—one little hour—
 And gratefully I'll go.
 Ah me! the whip has cut my boy,
 I heard his feeble scream;
 No more—farewell my only joy,
 My life's first gladsome dream!

I lay thee on the lonely sod,
 The heaven is bright above;
 These Christians boast they have a God,
 And say his name is Love:
 O gentle, loving God, look down!
 My dying baby see;
 The mercy that from earth is flown,
 Perhaps may dwell with **THEE!**

THE NEGRO'S APPEAL.

Words by Cowper.

Tune—"Isle of Beauty."

Forced from home and all its pleasures, Af-ric's coast I
To in-crease a stran-ger's treas-ures, O'er the rag-ing

But though slave they have en-rolled me, *Minds* are never

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is also a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with quarter and eighth notes.

1st time. FINE. 3d time.

left for-lorn; bil - lows borne. } Christian peo - ple

to be sold.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is also a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The first staff has a repeat sign and a '3d time.' marking. The lyrics are written below the staves.

D.C.

bought and sold me, Paid my price in pal-try gold:

Is there, as ye sometimes tell me,
 Is there one who reigns on high?
 Has he bid you buy and sell me,
 Speaking from his throne—the sky?
 Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
 Matches, blood-extorting screws,
 Are the means that duty urges
 Agents of his will to use.

Hark! he answers—wild tornadoes,
 Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,
 Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
 Are the voice with which he speaks.
 He, foreseeing what vexations
 Afric's sons should undergo,
 Fixed their tyrant's habitations,
 Where his whirlwinds answer—No!

By our blood in Afric' wasted,
 Ere our necks received the chain;
 By the miseries that we tasted,
 Crossing in your barks the main:
 By our sufferings, since ye brought us
 To the man-degrading mart,
 All sustained by patience, taught us
 Only by a broken heart—

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
 Till some reason ye shall find,
 Worthier of regard and stronger
 Than the *color* of our kind.
 Slaves of gold! whose sordid dealings
 Tarnish all your boasted powers;
 Prove that you have human feelings,
 Ere you proudly question ours.

OUR COUNTRYMEN

Words by C. W. Dennison.

Tune—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Our country - men are dy - ing Beneath their cankering

The first system of musical notation is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The treble clef staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass clef staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Our country - men are dy - ing Beneath their cankering".

chains, Full many a heart is sigh - ing, Where

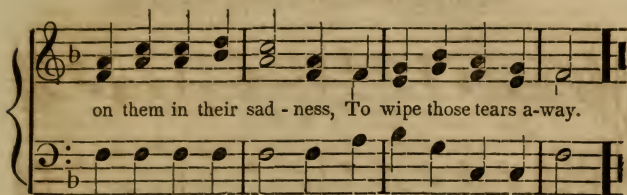
The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "chains, Full many a heart is sigh - ing, Where".

nought but slav-'ry reigns; No note of joy and

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "nought but slav-'ry reigns; No note of joy and".

glad - ness, No voice with free - dom's lay, Fall

The fourth and final system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "glad - ness, No voice with free - dom's lay, Fall".



Where proud Potomac dashes
 Along its northern strand,
 Where Rappahannock lashes
 Virginia's sparkling sand;
 Where Eutaw, famed in story,
 Flows swift to Santee's stream,
 There, there in grief and gory
 The pining slave is seen!

And shall New England's daugh-
 ters,
 Descendants of the free,
 Beside whose far-famed waters
 Is heard sweet minstrelsy—
 Shall they, when hearts are break-
 ing,
 And woman weeps in woe,
 Shall they, all listless waiting,
 No hearts of pity show?

No! let the shout for freedom
 Ring out a certain peal;
 Let sire and youthful maiden,
 All who have hearts to feel,
 Awake! and with the blessing
 Of Him who came to save,
 A holy, peaceful triumph,
 Shall greet the kneeling slave!

The Free Soiler's Song.

We hoist fair Freedom's standard,
 On hill and dale it stands;
 From broad Atlantic's borders,
 To Oregon's far lands.
 Where'er the winds may wander,
 Where'er the waters roll,
 Its wide-spread folds extending,
 Shall spread from pole to pole.

Tho' slavery's frightened forces
 May sound their loud alarms,
 And call their flying squadrons
 To muster up their arms.
 Tho' Whig and Loco falter,
 And knees of Doughface shake,
 No "free soil" soul shall tremble
 Nor for slave thunder quake.

Tho' Taylorites and Cassites
 May jibe, and jeer, and flout,
 With "free soil" on our banner,
 We'll whip the cravens out.
 "Free soil, free speech" for ever,
 Shall on our "free flag" fly,
 Till mountain and till valley
 Shall echo back the cry

NEGRO BOY SOLD FOR A WATCH.*

Words by Cowper.

Arranged by G. W. C. from an old theme.

When av-a- rice en-slaves the mind, And selfish views a-

lone bear sway Man turns a sav - age to his kind, And

blood and ra - pine mark his way. A - las! for this poor

sim - ple toy, I sold the hap - less Ne - gro boy.

* An African prince having arrived in England, and having been asked what he had given for his watch, answered, "What I will never give again—I gave a fine boy for it."

His father's hope, his mother's pride,
Though black, yet comely to the view
I tore him helpless from their side,
And gave him to a ruffian crew—
To fiends that Afric's coast annoy,
I sold the hapless Negro Boy.

From country, friends, and parents torn,
His tender limbs in chains confined,
I saw him o'er the billows borne,
And marked his agony of mind ;
But still to gain this simple toy,
I gave the weeping Negro Boy.

In isles that deck the western wave
I doomed the hapless youth to dwell,
A poor, forlorn, insulted slave !
A BEAST THAT CHRISTIANS BUY AND SELL !
And in their cruel tasks employ
The much-enduring Negro Boy.

His wretched parents long shall mourn,
Shall long explore the distant main
In hope to see the youth return ;
But all their hopes and sighs are vain :
They never shall the sight enjoy,
Of their lamented Negro Boy.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command,
He wears away his youthful prime ;
Far distant from his native land,
A stranger in a foreign clime.
No pleasing thoughts his mind employ,
A poor, dejected Negro Boy.

But He who walks upon the wind,
Whose voice in thunder's heard on high,
Who doth the raging tempest bind,
And hurl the lightning through the sky,
In his own time will sure destroy
The oppressor of the Negro Boy.

I AM MONARCH OF NOUGHT I SURVEY.

A Parody.

Air "Old De-Fleury."

I am monarch of nought I survey, My wrongs there are none to dis-

pute; My mas-ter con-veys me a - way, His

whims or ca - pri - ces to suit. O slavery, where are the

charms That "patriarchs" have seen in thy face; I

dwell in the midst of alarms, And serve in a horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 And must finish my life with a groan;
 Never hear the sweet music of speech
 That tells me my body's my own.
 Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon some,
 Are blessings I never can prove,
 If slavery's my portion to come.

Religion! what treasures untold,
 Reside in that heavenly word!
 More precious than silver or gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But I am excluded the light
 That leads to this heavenly grace;
 The Bible is clos'd to my sight,
 Its beauties I never can trace.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this sorrowful land,
 Some cordial endearing report,
 Of freedom from tyrany's hand.

My friends, do they not often send,
 A wish or a thought after me?
 O, tell me I yet have a friend,
 A friend I am anxious to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its flight;
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of Victoria's domain,
 In a moment I seem to be there,
 But the fear of being taken again,
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

The wood-fowl has gone to her nest,
 The beast has lain down in his lair;
 To me, there's no season of rest,
 Though I to my quarter repair.
 If mercy, O Lord, is in store,
 For those who in slavery pine;
 Grant me when life's troubles are o'er,
 A place in thy kingdom divine.

THE AFRIC'S DREAM.

Words by Miss Chandler.

"Emigrant's Lament," arranged by G. W. C.

Why did ye wake me from my sleep? It was a

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

dream of bliss, And ye have torn me from that land, to

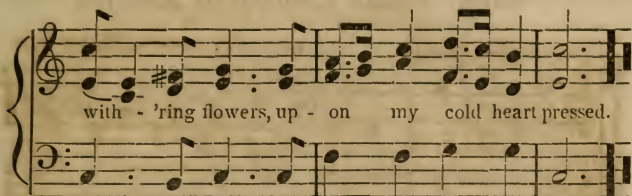
The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

pine again in this; Methought, beneath yon whispering tree, That

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

I was laid to rest, The turf, with all its

The fourth and final system of musical notation on this page. It concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



My chains, these hateful chains, were gone—oh, would that I might die,
 So from my swelling pulse I could forever cast them by!
 And on, away, o'er land and sea, my joyful spirit passed,
 Till, 'neath my own banana tree, I lighted down at last.

My cabin door, with all its flowers, was still profusely gay,
 As when I lightly sported there, in childhood's careless day!
 But trees that were as sapling twigs, with broad and shadowing bough,
 Around the well-known threshold spread a freshening coolness now.

The birds whose notes I used to hear, were shouting on the earth,
 As if to greet me back again with their wild strains of mirth;
 My own bright stream was at my feet, and how I laughed to lave
 My burning lip, and cheek, and brow, in that delicious wave!

My boy, my first-born babe, had died amid his early hours,
 And there we laid him to his sleep among the clustering flowers;
 Yet lo! without my cottage-door he sported in his glee,
 With her whose grave is far from his, beneath yon linden tree.

I sprang to snatch them to my soul; when breathing out my name,
 To grasp my hand, and press my lip, a crowd of loved ones came!
 Wife, parents, children, kinsmen, friends! the dear and lost ones all,
 With blessed words of welcome came, to greet me from my thrall.

Forms long unseen were by my side; and thrilling on my ear,
 Came cadences from gentle tones, unheard for many a year;
 And on my cheeks fond lips were pressed, with true affection's kiss—
 And so ye waked me from my sleep—but 'twas a dream of bliss!

HARK! I HEAR A SOUND OF ANGUISH.

Air, "Calvary."

Hark! I hear a sound of an - - guish

The first system of music is in 2/2 time. The treble clef staff contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass clef staff provides a simple accompaniment of quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

In my own, my na - tive land; Brethren,

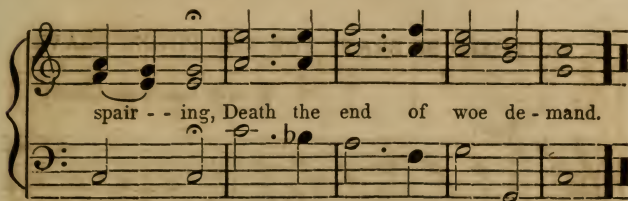
The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a key signature change to one sharp (F#) and a melodic line with some slurs. The bass staff continues with quarter notes.

doomed in chains to lan - guish, Lift to heaven the

The third system shows the melody rising in the treble staff, with a fermata over the final note of the phrase. The bass staff accompaniment remains steady.

sup - pliant hand, And de - spair - - ing, And de -

The final system concludes the piece. The treble staff has a fermata over the final note, and the bass staff ends with a simple quarter-note accompaniment.



Let us raise our supplication
 For the wretched suffering slave,
 All whose life is desolation,
 All whose hope is in the grave;
 God of mercy!
 From thy throne, O hear and save.

Those in bonds we would remember
 As if we with them were bound;
 For each crushed, each suffering member
 Let our sympathies abound,
 Till our labors
 Spread the smiles of freedom round.

Even now the word is spoken;
 "Slavery's cruel power must cease,
 From the bound the chain be broken,
 Captives hail the kind release,"
 While in splendor
 Comes to reign the Prince of Peace.

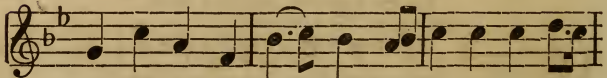
BROTHERS BE BRAVE FOR THE PINING SLAVE.

Air—"Sparkling and Bright."

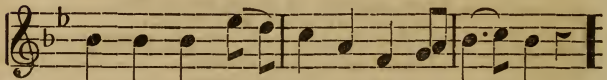
Solo.



1. Hea - vy and cold in his dun-geon hold, Is the

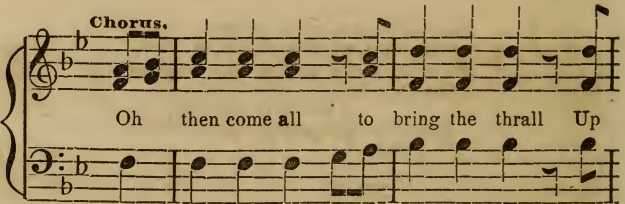


yoke of the op - pres - sor; Dark o'er the soul is the

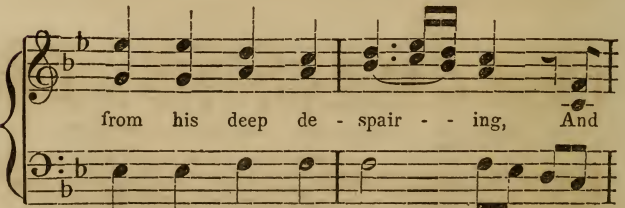


fell con - trol Of the stern and dread transgres-sor.

Chorus.



Oh then come all to bring the thrall Up



from his deep de - spair - - ing, And

out of the jaw of the ban - dit's law, Re-

take the prey he's tear - ing: O

then come all to bring the thrall Up from his deep de-

spair - - ing, And out of the jaw of the

ban - dit's law, Re - take the prey he's tear - ing.

Brothers be brave for the pining slave,
 From his wife and children riven ;
 From every vale their bitter wail
 Goes sounding up to Heaven.
 Then for the life of that poor wife,
 And for those children pining;
 O ne'er give o'er till the chains no more
 Around their limbs are twining.

Gloomy and damp is the low rice swamp,
 Where their meagre bands are wasting ;
 All worn and weak, in vain they seek
 For rest, to the cool shade hasting ;
 For drivers fell, like fiends from hell,
 Cease not their savage shouting ;
 And the scourge's crack, from quivering back,
 Sends up the red blood spouting.

Into the grave looks only the slave,
 For rest to his limbs weary ;
 His spirit's light comes from that night,
 To us so dark and dreary.
 That soul shall nurse its heavy curse
 Against a day of terror,
 When the lightning gleam of his wrath shall stream.
 Like fire, on the hosts of error.

Heavy and stern are the bolts which burn
 In the right hand of Jehovah ;
 To smite the strong red arm of wrong,
 And dash his temples over ;
 Then on a main to rend the chain,
 Ere bursts the valled thunder ;
 Right onward speed till the slave is freed--
 His manacles to n asunder.

THE VOTER'S SONG.

Words by E. Wright, jr.

Air, from "Niel Gow's Farewell."

The vote, the vote, the mighty vote, Though once we used a

hum- bler note, And prayed our servants to be just, We

Chorus.

tell them now they must, they must. The tyrant's grapple

by our vote, We'll loosen from our brother's throat, With

Wash - ing - ton we here a - gree, The

vote's the wea - - pon of the free.

We'll scatter not the precious power
 On parties that to slavery cower ;
 But make it one against the wrong,
 Till down it comes, a million strong.
 The tyrant's grapple, &c.

We'll bake the dough-face with our vote,
 Who stood the scorching when we wrote ;
 An though they spurned our earnest prayers,
 The ballot bids them now, beware.
 The tyrant's grapple, &c.

Our vote shall teach all statesmen law,
 Who in the Southern harness draw ;
 So well contented to be slaves,
 They fain would prove their fathers knaves !
 The tyrant's grapple, &c.

We'll not provoke our wives to use
 A power that we through fear abuse ;
 His mother shall not blush to own
 One voter of us for a son.
 The tyrant's grapple, by our vote,
 We'll loosen from our brother's throat ;
 With Washington we here agree,
 Whose MOTHER taught him to be free !

THE QUADROON MAIDEN.

Words by Longfellow.

Theme from the Indian Maid

The Sla - ver in the broad la - goon, Lay moored with

i - dle sail; He wait - ed for the ris - ing moon,

And for the eve - ning gale. The

Plan - ter un - der his roof of thatch, Smoked thoughtful-

ly and slow; The Slav-er's thumb was

on the latch, He seemed in haste to go.

He said, " My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon ;
I only wait the evening tides,
And the rising of the moon.

Before them, with her face up-
raised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

And on her lips there played a
smile
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights, in some cathedral aisle,
The features of a saint.

" The soil is barren, the farm is
old,"
The thoughtful Planter said,
Then looked upon the Slaver's
gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife,
With such accursed gains ;
For he knew whose passions gave
her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too
weak :
He took the glittering gold !
Then pale as death grew the maid-
en's cheek,
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a far and distant land.

Domestic Bliss.

BY REV. JAMES GREGG.

Domestic bliss ; thou fairest flower
That erst in Eden grew,
Dear relic of the happy bower,
Our first grand parents knew !

We hail thee in the rugged soil
Of this waste wilderness,
To cheer our way and cheat our
toil,
With gleams of happiness.

In thy mild light we travel on,
And smile at toil and pain ;
And think no more of Eden gone,
For Eden won again.

Such, Emily, the bliss, the joy
By Heaven bestowed on you ;
A husband kind, a lovely boy,
A father fond and true.

Religion adds her cheering beams,
And sanctifies these ties ;
And sheds o'er all the brighter
gleams,
She borrows from the skies.

But ah ! reflect ; are *all* thus blest ?
Hath home such charms for *all* ?
Can such delights as these invest
Foul slavery's wretched thrall.

Can those be happy in these ties
Who wear her galling chain ?
Or taste the blessed charities
That in the household reign ?

Can those be blest, whose hope,
whose life,
Hang on a tyrant's nod ;
To whom nor husband, child, nor
wife
Are known—yea, scarcely God ?

Whose ties may all be rudely riven,
At avarice' fell behest ;
Whose only hope of *home* is
heaven,
The grave their only rest.

Oh ! think of those, the poor, th' op-
pressed,
In your full hour of bliss ;
Nor e'er from prayer and effort
rest,
While ear.h bears woe like this.

O PITY THE SLAVE MOTHER.

Words from the Liberator.

Air, Araby's Daughter.

I pity the slave mother, careworn and weary, Who
I lament her sad fate, all so hopeless and dreary, I la-

You may picture the bounds of the rock-girdled ocean, But the

sighs as she pres - ses her babe to her breast ; } O
ment for her woes, and her wrongs un-re-dressed. }

grief of that moth-er can nev - er be known.

who can im - a - gine her heart's deep e-motion, As she

D. C.

thinks of her chil-dren a - bout to be sold ;

The mildew of slavery has blighted each blossom,
 That ever has bloomed in her path-way below ;
 It has froze every fountain that gushed in her bosom,
 And chilled her heart's verdure with pitiless woe :
 Her parents, her kindred, all crushed by oppression ;
 Her husband still doomed in its desert to stay ;
 No arm to protect from the tyrant's aggression—
 She must weep as she treads on her desolate way.

O, slave-mother, hope ! see—the nation is shaking !
 The arm of the Lord is awake to thy wrong !
 The slave-holder's heart now with terror is quaking
 Salvation and Mercy to Heaven belong !
 Rejoice, O rejoice ! for the child thou art rearing,
 May one day lift up its unmanacled form,
 While hope, to thy heart, like the rain-bow so cheering,
 Is born, like the rain-bow, 'mid tempest and storm.

How long ! O ! how long !

How long will the friend of the slave plead in vain ?
 How long e'er the Christian will loosen the chain ?
 If he, by our efforts, more hardened should be,
 O Father, forgive him ! we trust but in thee.
 That 'we're all free and equal,' how senseless the cry,
 While millions in bondage are groaning so nigh !
 O where is our freedom ? equality where ?
 To this none can answer, but echo cries, where ?

O'er this stain on our country we'd fain draw a veil,
 But history's page will proclaim the sad tale,
 That Christians, unblushing, could shout 'we are free,'
 Whilst they the oppressors of millions could be.
 They can feel for themselves, for the Pole they can feel,
 Towards Afric's children their hearts are like steel ;
 They are deaf to their call, to their wrongs they are blind ;
 In error they slumber nor seek truth to find.

Though scorn and oppression on our pathway attend,
 Despised and reviled, we the slave will befriend ;
 Our Father, thy blessing ! we look but to thee,
 Nor cease from our labors till all shall be free.
 Should mobs in their fury with missiles assail,
 The cause it is righteous, the truth will prevail ;
 Then heed not their clamors, though loud they proclaim
 That freedom shall slumber, and slavery reign.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE TO THE CHRISTIAN.

Words by Elizur Wright, jr.

Music arranged from Cracovienne

The fet - ters galled my weary soul,— A

soul that seemed but thrown away; I spurned the ty - rants

base con-trol, Re-solved at last the

Chorus.

man to play:— The hounds are bay - ing

on my track; O Christ-ian! will you

send me back? The hounds are baying on my track; O

Christ - ian will you send me back?

I felt the stripes, the lash I saw,
 Red, dripping with a father's gore;
 And, worst of all their lawless law,
 The insults that my mother bore!
 The hounds are baying on my track,
 O Christian! will you send me back?

Where human law o'errules Divine,
 Beneath the sheriff's hammer fell
 My wife and babes,—I call them mine,—
 And where they suffer, who can tell?
 The hounds are baying on my track,
 O Christian! will you send me back?

I seek a home where man is man,
 If such there be upon this earth,

To draw my kindred, if I can,
 Around its free, though humble hearth.
 The hounds are baying on my track,
 O Christian! will you send me back!

The Strength of Tyranny.

The tyrant's chains are only strong
 While slaves submit to wear them;
 And, who could bind them on the strong,
 Determined not to wear them?
 Then clank your chains, e'en though the links
 Were light as fashion's feather:
 The heart which rightly feels and thinks
 Would cast them altogether.

The lords of earth are only great
 While others clothe and feed them!
 But what were all their pride and state
 Should labor cease to heed them?
 The swain is higher than a king:
 Before the laws of nature,
 The monarch were a useless thing,
 The swain a useless creature.

We toil, we spin, we delve the mine,
 Sustaining each his neighbor;
 And who can hold a right divine
 To rob us of our labor?
 We rush to battle—bear our lot
 In every ill and danger—
 And who shall make the peaceful cot
 To homely joy a stranger?

Perish all tyrants far and near,
 Beneath the chains that bind us;
 And perish too that servile fear
 Which makes the slaves they find us:
 One grand, or e universal claim—
 One peal of moral thunder—
 One glorious burst in Freedom's name,
 And rend our bonds asunder!

WAKE, WAKE, YE FREEMEN ALL!

Air, "Lucy Long."

Wake, wake, ye freemen all, 'Tis past the breaking

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody in the treble clef begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass line starts with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3.

dawn; Rouse ye at freedom's call; Up

The second system of musical notation. The treble clef continues the melody with quarter notes D5, E5, and F#5. The bass line continues with quarter notes D2, E2, and F#2.

with the ris - en morn; Come on, come on a-

The third system of musical notation. The treble clef melody includes quarter notes G5, A5, and B5. The bass line continues with quarter notes G2, A2, and B2.

main, Ye stout hearts and ye free, From

The fourth and final system of musical notation. The treble clef melody includes quarter notes C6, B5, and A5. The bass line continues with quarter notes C3, B2, and A2.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'Free Soil Minstrel'. It consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves. The piece ends with a double bar line and the initials 'D.C.' (Da Capo) written above the final measure of both staves.

mountain, vale, and plain, From lake, and stream, and sea !

D.C.

Redeem, redeem the land,
 Accurs'd with slavery's chain ;
 Be strong in his right hand,
 Whose strength is never vain.
 Grasp, grasp with all your might,
 The freeman's holy sword,
 And let its blade of light,
 Leap forth at freedom's word.

Down, down, that banner black,
 Polluting freedom's air,
 And drive the minions back,
 Who come to plant it here !
 Lift, lift the ensign white,
 In heaven's broad canopy,
 And spread its folds of light,
 To flash from sea to sea !

Strike, strike your manhood blow ;
 Strike sure, and strike it home !
 Nor let earth's darkest foe,
 Up from the grave-dust come.
 Shout, shout the victory !
 Earth's joyous realms around ;
 Till the loud pealing cry,
 Back from the skies resound !

THE BLIND SLAVE-BOY.

Words by Mrs. Dr. Bailey.

Music arranged from Sweet Afton.

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The bass clef staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature of 3/4. The lyrics are: "Come back to me, moth-er! why lin-ger a-

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The bass clef staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature of 3/4. The lyrics are: "way From thy poor lit-tle blind boy, the long wea-ry

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The bass clef staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature of 3/4. The lyrics are: "day! I mark eve-ry foot-step, I list to each

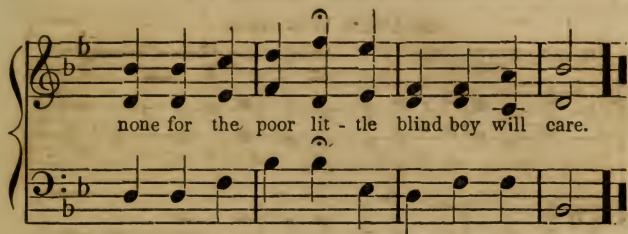
Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The bass clef staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature of 3/4. The lyrics are: "tone, And won-der my moth-er should leave me a-

lone! There are voi - ces of sor - row, and

voi - ces of glee, But there's no one to joy or to

sor - - row with me; For each hath of

pleas - ure and trou - ble his share, And



My mother, come back to me ! close to thy breast
 Once more let thy poor little blind one be pressed ;
 Once more let me feel thy warm breath on my cheek,
 And hear thee in accents of tenderness speak !
 O mother ! I've no one to love me—no heart
 Can bear like thine own in my sorrows a part,
 No hand is so gentle, no voice is so kind,
 Oh ! none like a mother can cherish the blind !

Poor blind one ! No mother thy wailing can hear,
 No mother can hasten to banish thy fear ;
 For the slave-owner drives her, o'er mountain and wild,
 And for one paltry dollar hath sold thee, poor child !
 Ah ! who can in language of mortals reveal
 The anguish that none but a mother can feel,
 When man in his vile lust of mammon hath trod
 On her child, who is stricken and smitten of God !

Blind, helpless, forsaken, with strangers alone,
 She hears in her anguish his piteous moan ;
 As he eagerly listens—but listens in vain,
 To catch the loved tones of his mother again !
 The curse of the broken in spirit shall fall
 On the wretch who hath mingled this wormwood and gall,
 And his gain like a mildew shall blight and destroy,
 Who hath torn from his mother the little blind boy !

SLAVE'S WRONGS.

Words by Miss Chandler.

Arranged from "Rose of Allandale."

With ach - ing brow and wea - ried limb, The

The first system of music is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords and moving lines.

slave his toil pur - sued; And oft I saw the

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a quarter rest at the start, followed by eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

cru - el scourge Deep in his blood im -

The third system continues the melody. The vocal line has a quarter rest at the start, followed by eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

brued; He tilled op - pres - sion's soil where men For

The fourth system concludes the melody. The vocal line has a quarter rest at the start, followed by eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

lib - er - ty had bled, And the

ea - gle wing of Free - dom waved In

mock - - ery, o'er his head.

The earth was filled with the triumph shout
 Of men who had burst their chains;
 But his, the heaviest of them all,
 Still lay on his burning veins;
 In his master's hall there was luxury,
 And wealth, and mental light;
 But the very book of the Christian law,
 Was hidden from his sight.

In his master's halls there was wine and mirth,
 And songs for the newly free;
 But his own low cabin was desolate
 Of all but misery.

He felt it all—and to bitterness
 His heart within him turned ;
 While the panting wish for liberty,
 Like a fire in his bosom burned.

The haunting thought of his wrongs grew changed
 To a darker and fiercer hue,
 Till the horrible shape it sometimes wore,
 At last familiar grew ;
 There was darkness all within his heart,
 And madness in his soul ;
 And the demon spark, in his bosom nursed,
 Blazed up beyond control.

Then came a scene ! oh ! such a scene !
 I would I might forget
 The ringing sound of the midnight scream,
 And the hearth-stone redly wet !
 The mother slain while she shrieked in vain
 For her infant's threatened life ;
 And the flying form of the frightened child,
 Struck down by the bloody knife.

There's many a heart that yet will start
 From its troubled sleep, at night,
 As the horrid form of the vengeful slave
 Comes in dreams before the sight.
 The slave was crushed, and his fetters' link
 Drawn tighter than before ;
 And the bloody earth again was drenched
 With the streams of his flowing gore.

Ah ! know they not, that the tightest band
 Must burst with the wildest power ?—
 That the more the slave is oppressed and wronged,
 Will be fiercer his rising hour ?
 They may thrust him back with the arm of might,
 They may drench the earth with his blood—
 But the best and purest of their own,
 Will blend with the sanguine flood.

I could tell thee more—but my strength is gone,
 And my breath is wasting fast ;
 Long ere the darkness to-night has fled,
 Will my life from the earth have passed :
 But this, the sum of all I have learned,
 Ere I go I will tell to thee ;—
 If tyrants would hope for tranquil hearts,
 They must let the oppressed go free.

THE BALLOT-BOX.

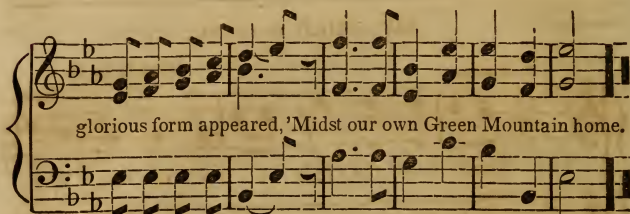
Air—from "Lincoln."

Free - dom's con-se - cra-ted dower, Cas - ket
Guard it, Free-men! guard it well, Spot - less

of a priceless gem! No-bler her-it-age of power,
as your maiden's fame! Never let your children tell

Than im - pe-rial di - a - dem! Corner-stone, on which was
Of your weakness, of your shame; That their fathers basely

reared, Lib - er - ty's tri - um-phal dome, When her
sold. What was bought with blood and toil, That you



bartered right for gold, Here, on Freedom's sacred soil.

Let your eagle's quenchless eye,
 Fixed, unerring, sleepless, bright,
 Watch, when danger hovers nigh,
 From his lofty mountain height;
 While the stripes and stars shall wave
 O'er this treasure, pure and free—
 The land's Palladium, it shall save
 The home and shrine of liberty.

Christian Mother.

BY MISS C.

Christian mother, when thy prayer,
 Trembles on the twilight air,
 And thou askest God to keep
 In their waking and their sleep,
 Those, whose love is more to thee
 Than the wealth of land or sea—
 Think of those who wildly mourn
 For the loved ones from them torn.

Christian daughter, sister, wife,
 Ye who wear a guarded life,
 Ye, whose bliss hangs not, thank God,
 On a tyrant's word or nod,
 Will ye hear, with careless eye,
 Of the wild, despairing cry,
 Rising up from human hearts,
 As their latest bliss departs.

Blest ones, whom no hands on earth,
 Dare to wrench from home and hearth
 Ye, whose hearts are sheltered well
 By affection's holy spell;
 Oh, forget not those for whom
 Life is nought but changeless gloom!
 O'er whose days, so woe-begone,
 Hope may paint no brighter dawn.

MY CHILD IS GONE.

Music by G. W. C.

Doloroso.

Hark! from the winds a voice of woe, The

wild At - lan - tic in its flow, Bears on its breast the

mur - mur low, My child is gone!

Like savage tigers o'er their prey,
They tore him from my heart away;
And now I cry, by night by day—
My child is gone!

How many a free-born babe is press'd
With fondness to its mother's breast,
And rocked upon her arms to rest,
While mine is gone!

No longer now, at eve I see
Beneath the sheltering plantain tree,
My baby cradled on my knee,
For he is gone!

4*

And when I seek my cot at night,
There's not a thing that meets my sight,
But tells me that my soul's delight,
My child, is gone!

I sink to sleep, and then I seem
To hear again his parting scream
I start and wake—'tis but a dream—
My child is gone!

Gone—till my toils and griefs are o'er,
And I shall reach that happy shore,
Where negro mothers cry no more—
My child is gone!

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

Words by Willam Leggett.

Music by G. W. C.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "If yon bright stars which gem the night, Be".

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "each a bliss-ful dwellingsphere, Where kindred spir - its".

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "re - u - nite Whom death has torn a - sun - der here,".

How sweet it were at once to die,
 And leave this blighted orb afar!
 Mix soul with soul to cleave the sky,
 And soar away from star to star!

But oh! how dark, how drear, how lone,
 Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
 If, wandering through each radiant one,
 We failed to find the loved of this!

If there no more the ties should twine,
 Which Death's cold hand alone can sever,
 Ah! then those stars in mockery shine,
 More hateful as they shine forever!

It cannot be—each hope and fear,
 That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
 Proclaims there is a happier sphere
 Than this bleak world that holds us now!

There is a voice which sorrow hears,
 When heaviest weighs life's galling chain,
 'Tis heaven that whispers, "dry thy tears,
 The pure in heart shall meet again."

The Poor Little Slave.

FROM "THE CHARTER OAK."

O pity the poor little slave,
 Who labors hard through all the day—
 And has no one,
 When day is done,
 To teach his youthful heart to pray.

No words of love—no fond embrace—
 No smiles from parents kind and dear;
 No tears are shed
 Around his bed,
 When fevers rage, and death is near.

None feel for him when heavy chains
 Are fastened to his tender limb;
 No pitying eyes,
 No sympathies,
 No prayers are raised to heaven for him.

Yes I will pity the poor slave,
 And pray that he may soon be free
 That he at last,
 When days are past,
 In heaven may have his liberty.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

Words by Jesse Hutchinson.

Air, "Kathleen O'Moore."

Oh deep was the an - guish of the

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'Oh deep was the an - guish of the' are written below the treble staff.

slave mother's heart, When called from her darling for

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'slave mother's heart, When called from her darling for' are written below the treble staff.

ev - er to part; So grieved that lone mother, that

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics 'ev - er to part; So grieved that lone mother, that' are written below the treble staff.

heart broken mother, In sor - - - row and woe.

The fourth and final system of musical notation on this page. The lyrics 'heart broken mother, In sor - - - row and woe.' are written below the treble staff.

The lash of the master her deep sorrows mock,
While the child of her bosom is sold on the block;
Yet loud shrieked that mother, poor heart broken mother,
In sorrow and woe.

The babe in return, for its fond mother cries,
While the sound of their wailings together arise;
They shriek for each other, the child and the mother,
In sorrow and woe.

The harsh auctioneer to sympathy cold,
Tears the babe from its mother and sells it for gold;
While the infant and mother, loud shriek for each other,
In sorrow and woe.

At last came the parting of mother and child,
Her brain reeled with madness, that mother was wild;
Then the lash could not smother the shrieks of that mother,
Of sorrow and woe.

The child was borne off to a far distant clime,
While the mother was left in anguish to pine;
But reason departed, and she sank broken hearted,
In sorrow and woe.

That poor mourning mother, of reason bereft,
Soon ended her sorrows and sank cold in death:
Thus died that slave mother, poor heart broken mother,
In sorrow and woe.

Oh! list ye kind mothers to the cries of the slave;
The parents and children implore you to save;
Go! rescue the mothers, the sisters and brothers,
From sorrow and woe.

HEARD YE THAT CRY.

From "Wind of the Winter night."

Heard ye that cry! 'Twas the
As he sank in de-spair, to the

wail of a slave, } Be - - - hold him where
rest of the grave; }

bleed - ing and pros - trate he lies, Un-

friend - ed he lived, and un - pit - ied he died.

The white man oppressed him—the white man for gold,
Made him toil amidst tortures that cannot be told;
He robbed him, and spoiled him, of all that was dear,
And made him the prey of affliction and fear.

But his anguish was seen, and his wailings were heard,
By the Lord God of Hosts; whose vengeance deferred,
Gathers force by delay, and with fury will burst,
On his impious oppressor—the tyrant accurst!

Arouse ye, arouse ye! ye generous and brave,
Plead the rights of the poor—plead the cause of the slave;
Nor cease your exertions till broken shall be
The fetters that bind him, and the slave shall be free.

Sleep on my Child.

BY R. J. H.

Sleep on, my child, in peaceful rest,
While lovely visions round thee play;
No care or grief has touched thy breast,
Thy life is yet a cloudless day.

Far distant is my childhood's home—
No mother's smiles—no father's care!
Oh! how I'd love again to roam,
Where once my little playmates were!

Sleep on, thou hast not felt the chain;
But though 'tis yet unmingled joy,
I may not see those smiles again,
Nor clasp thee to my breast, my boy.

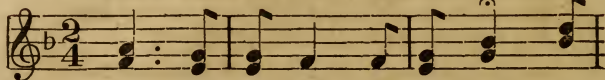
And must I see thee toil and bleed!
Thy manly soul in fetters tied;
'Twill wring thy mother's heart indeed—
Oh! would to God that I had died!

That soul God's own bright image bears—
But oh! no tongue thy woes can tell;
Thy lot is cast in blood and tears,
And soon these lips must say—farewell!

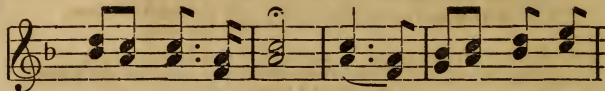
ZAZA—THE FEMALE SLAVE.

Words by Miss Ball.

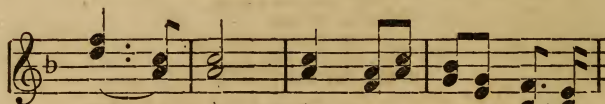
Music by G. W. C.



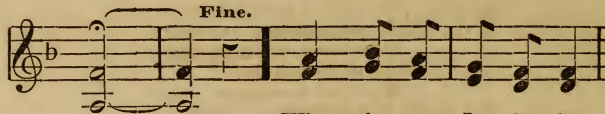
1. O my coun - try, my coun - try! how



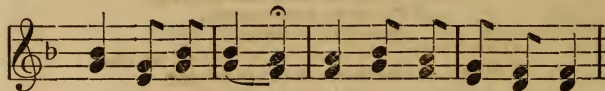
long I for thee, Far o - ver the



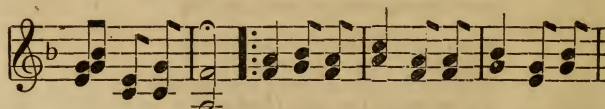
moun - - tain, Far o - - ver the



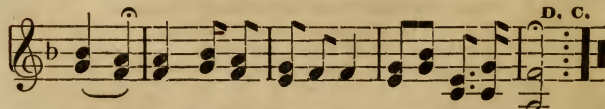
sea. Where the sweet Jo - li - ba,



kiss - es the shore, Say, shall I wan - der by



thee nev - er more? Where the sweet Jo - li - ba Kiss - es the



shore, Say, shall I wander by thee nev - er more.

Say, O fond Zurima,
 Where dost thou stay?
 Say, doth another
 List to thy sweet lay?
 Say, doth the orange still
 Bloom near our cot?
 Zurima, Zurima,
 Am I forgot?
 O, my country, my country! how long I for thee,
 Far over the mountain, far over the sea.

Under the baobab
 Oft have I slept,
 Fanned by sweet breezes
 That over me swept.
 Often in dreams
 Do my weary limbs lay
 'Neath the same baobab,
 Far, far away,
 O my country, my country, how long I for thee,
 Far over the mountain, far over the sea.

O for the breath
 Of our own waving palm,
 Here, as I languish,
 My spirit to calm—
 O for a draught
 From our own cool-ing lake,
 Brought by sweet mother,
 My spirit to wake.
 O my country, my country, how long I for thee,
 Far over the mountain, far over the sea.

PRAYER FOR THE SLAVE.

Tune—Hamburg.

Oh let the pris-ner's mourn-ful sighs

As in-cense in thy sight ap - - - pear!

Their hum-ble wail - ings pierce the skies,

If hap-ly they may feel thee near.

The captive exiles make their moans,
 From sin impatient to be free ;
 Call home, call home, thy banished ones !
 Lead captive their captivity !

Out of the deep regard their cries,
 The fallen raise, the mourners cheer,
 Oh, Son of Righteousness, arise,
 And scatter all their doubts and fear.

Stand by them in the fiery hour,
 Their feebleness of mind defend ;
 And in their weakness show thy power,
 And make them patient to the end.

Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,
 For whom thy suffering members mourn :
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer ;
 And break the yoke so meekly borne !

Remembering that God is just.

Oh righteous God ! whose awful frown
 Can crumble nations to the dust,
 Trembling we stand before thy throne,
 When we reflect that thou art just.

Dost thou not see the dreadful wrong,
 Which Afric's injured race sustains ?
 And wilt thou not arise ere long,
 To plead their cause, and break their chains ?

Must not thine anger quickly rise
 Against the men whom lust controls,
 Who dare thy righteous laws despise
 And traffic in the blood of souls ?

NEVER GIVE UP!

Words by Tupper—author of "The Crock of Gold."

Music by G. W. C.

1. Nev - er! nev - er give up! it is wi - ser
 2. Nev - er! nev - er give up! there are chan - ces
 3. Nev - er! nev - er give up! tho' the grape - shot

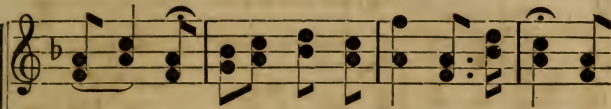
The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

and bet - ter, Al - ways to hope than once to
 and changes, Help - ing the hope - ful a hundred
 may rat - tle, Or the full thunder - cloud o - ver

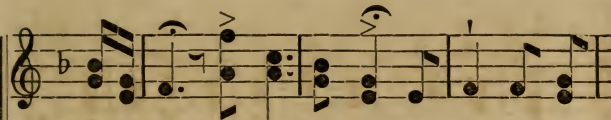
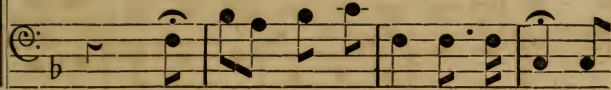
The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

de - spair; Fling off the load of doubt's canker - ing
 to one, And thro' the cha - os, high Wisdom ar
 you burst, Stand like a rock, and the storm or the

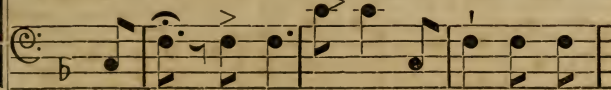
The third system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.



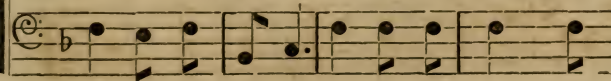
fet - ter, And break the dark spell of ty - ran - ni -
 ran - ges Ev - er suc - cess - if you'll on - ly
 bat - tle Lit - tle shall harm you, tho' do - ing



cal care: Nev - er! nev - er give up! or the
 hope on: Nev - er! nev - er give up! for the
 their worst: Nev - er! nev - er give up! if ad -



bur - den may sink you. Prov - i - dence kind - ly
 wi - sest is bold - est, Know - ing that Prov - i
 ver - si - ty press - es Prov - i - dence wise - ly



has mingled the cup, And in all tri - als
 dence mingles the cup, And of all max-ims
 has mingled the cup, And the best coun-sel

or trou-bles be - think you, The watchword of
 the best as the old-est, Is the true watch -
 in all your dis - tress - es Is the stout watch

life must be nev - er! nev - er give up!
 word of nev - er! nev - er give up!
 word of nev - er! nev - er give up!

THE FUGITIVE.

Words by L. M. C.

Air "Bonny Doon."

A no - ble man of sa - - ble brow Came
With cautious, wea - ry step and slow, And
He begged if I had ought to give, To

to my hum - ble cot - - tage door,
asked if I could feed the poor;
help the pant - ing fu - - gi - - - - tive.

He begged if I had ought to give, To

help the pant - - ing fu - - - gi - - - - tive.
D. C.

I told him he had fled away
From his kind master, friends, and home;
That he was black—a slave astray,
And should return as he had come;
That I would to his master give
The straying villain fugitive.

He fell upon his trembling knee
And claimed he was a brother man,
That I was bound to set him free,
According to the gospel plan;
And if I would God's grace receive,
That I must help the fugitive.

He showed the stripes his master gave,
The festering wound—the sightless eye,
The common badges of the slave,
And said he would be free, or die;
And if I nothing had to give,
I should not stop the fugitive.

He owned his was a sable skin,
That which his Maker first had given;
But mine would be a darker sin,
That would exclude my soul from heaven;
And if I would God's grace receive,
I should relieve the fugitive.

I bowed and took the stranger in,
And gave him meat, and drink, and rest,
I hope that God forgave my sin,
And made me with that brother blest;
I am resolved, long as I live,
To help the panting fugitive.

AM I NOT A MAN AND BROTHER?

Words by A. C. L.

Air—"Bride's Farewell."

Am I not a man and broth-er?
 Sell me not one to an - oth - er,

Christ our Sa - viour, Christ our Sa - viour, *Fine.*
 Ought I not, then, to be free?
 Take not, thus my lib - - er - - ty.

Died for me as well as thee.
 Christ our Sa - viour, Christ our Sa - viour.

D. C.
 Died for me as well as thee.

Am I not a man and brother ?
 Have I not a soul to save ?
 Oh, do not my spirit smother,
 Making me a wretched slave :
 God of mercy, God of mercy,
 Let me fill a freeman's grave !

Yes, thou art a man and brother,
 Though thou long hast groaned a slave,
 Bound with cruel cords and tether
 From the cradle to the grave !
 Yet the Saviour, yet the Saviour,
 Bled and died all souls to save.

Yes, thou art a man and brother,
 Though we long have told thee nay :
 And are bound to aid each other,
 All along our pilgrim way.
 Come and welcome, come and welcome,
 Join with us to praise and pray !

Am I not a Sister ?

BY A. C. L.

Am I not a sister, say ?
 Shall I then be bought and sold
 In the mart and by the way,
 For the white man's lust and gold ?
 Save me then from his foul snare,
 Leave me not to perish there !

Am I not a sister say,
 Though I have a sable hue !
 Lo ! I have been dragged away,
 From my friends and kindred true,
 And have toiled in yonder field,
 There have long been bruised and peeled .

Am I not a sister, say ?
 Have I an immortal soul ?
 Will you, sisters, tell me nay ?
 Shall I live in lust's control,
 To be chattled like a beast,
 By the Christian church and priest ?

Am I not a sister, say ?
 Though I have been made a slave ?
 Will you not then for me pray,
 To the God whose power can save,
 High and low, and bond and free ?
 Toil and pray and vote for me !

YE HERALDS OF FREEDOM.

Music by Kingsley.

Ye her - alds of free-dom, ye no - ble and brave,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Who dare to in - sist on the rights of the slave,

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

go on - ward, go on-ward, your cause is of God,

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

And he will soon sev - er the oppressor's strong rod.

The fourth and final system of musical notation on this page. It concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

The finger of slander may now at you point,
 That finger will soon lose the strength of its joint;
 And those who now plead for the rights of the slave,
 Will soon be acknowledged the good and the brave.

Though thrones and dominions, and kingdoms and powers,
 May now all oppose you, the victory is yours;
 The banner of Jesus will soon be unfurled,
 And he will give freedom and peace to the world.

Go under his standard and fight by his side,
 O'er mountains and billows you'll then safely ride,
 His gracious protection will be to you given,
 And bright crowns of glory he'll give you in heaven.

X

I would not live alway.

BY PIERPONT.

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay,
 Where I must bear the burden and heat of the day:
 Where my body is cut with the lash or the cord,
 And a hovel and hunger are all my reward.

I would not live alway, where life is a load
 To the flesh and the spirit:--since there's an abode
 For the soul disenthralled, let me breathe my last breath,
 And repose in thine arms, my deliverer, Death!—

I would not live alway to toil as a slave:
 Oh no, let me rest, though I rest in my grave;
 For there, from their troubling, the wicked shall cease,
 And, free from his master, the slave be at peace.

OUR PILGRIM FATHERS.

Words by Pierpont.

Music from "Minstrel Boy," by G. W. C.

Our Pil - grim Fath - ers— where are they? The
 Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray As they

waves that brought them o'er, }
 break a - long the shore; } Still

roll in the bay, as they rolled that day, When the

May - flower moored be - low ; When the

sea a - round was black with storms, And

white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide ;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that she gave to the gale
When the heavens looked dark, is gone ;
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile—sainted name !
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced when he came in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night,
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;
But the Pilgrim—where is he ?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest ;
When Summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day,
On that hallowed spot is cast ;
And the evening sun as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled—
It walks in noon's broad light ;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

Words by J. G. Whittier.

Music by G. W. C.

Is this the land our fathers loved, The freedom

which they toiled to win? Is this the soil whereon they

moved? Are these the graves they slumber in? Are we the

sons by whom are borne, The mantles which the dead have worn ?

And shall we crouch above these graves,
 With craven soul and fettered lip ?
 Yoke in with marked and branded slaves,
 And tremble at the driver's whip ?
 Bend to the earth our pliant knees,
 And speak—but as our masters please ?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel ?
 Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow ?
 Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel—
 The dungeon's gloom—th' assassin's blow,
 Turn back the spirit roused to save
 The Truth—our Country—and the Slave ?

Of human skulls that shrine was made,
 Round which the priests of Mexico
 Before their loathsome idol prayed—
 Is Freedom's altar fashioned so ?
 And must we yield to Freedom's God
 As offering meet, the negro's blood ?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought:
 Which well might shame extremest Hell ?
 Shall freemen lock th' indignant thought ?
 Shall Mercy's bosom cease to swell ?
 Shall Honor bleed ?—Shall Truth succumb ?
 Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb ?

No—by each spot of haunted ground,
Where Freedom weeps her children's fall—
By Plymouth's rock—and Bunker's mound—
By Griswold's stained and shattered wall—
By Warren's ghost—by Langdon's shade—
By all the memories of our dead!

By their enlarging souls, which burst
The bands and fetters round them set—
By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed
Within our inmost bosoms, yet,—
By all above—around—below—
Be ours the indignant answer—no!

No—guided by our country's laws,
For truth, and right, and suffering man,
Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,
As Christians may—as freemen can!
Still pouring on unwilling ears
That truth oppression only fears.

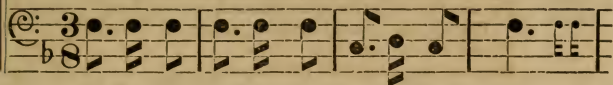
THE SLAVE'S WAIL.

Parody by Jesse Hutchinson.

Old Air—"Over the mountain."



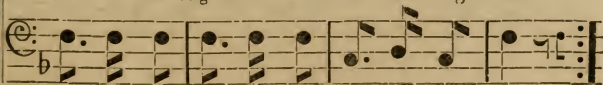
1. { O - ver the mountain and o - ver the moor,
 { The father—the mother—the children, are poor,
 Give us our free - dom—ye friends of E - quality,



2. { Call us not ig - no - rant, vile and de - graded,
 { Parents and children—the young and the aged,
 Give us our freedom—ye friends of E - quality,
3. { God in His mercy will crown your en - deavor,
 { The promise of Jesus to you shall be given,
 Give us our freedom—ye friends of Hu - manity,

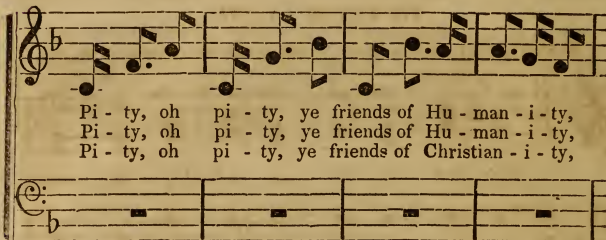


- Comes the sad wailing of many a poor slave; }
 And they sigh for the day they their freedom shall have. }
 Give us our Rights—for we ask noth - ing more.

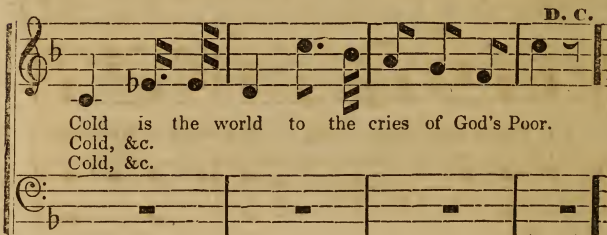


- White men have robbed us of all we hold dear, }
 Are scourg'd by the lash of the rough O - ver - seer. }
 Give us our Rights, for we ask noth - ing more.

- The blessings of Hea - ven shall be your re - ward, }
 En - ter, ye faith - ful, the joy of your Lord. }
 Give us our Rights, for we ask noth - ing more.



Pi - ty, oh pi - ty, ye friends of Hu - man - i - ty,
 Pi - ty, oh pi - ty, ye friends of Hu - man - i - ty,
 Pi - ty, oh pi - ty, ye friends of Christian - i - ty,



D. C.

Cold is the world to the cries of God's Poor.
 Cold, &c.
 Cold, &c.

TO THOSE I LOVE.

Words by Miss E. M. Chandler.

Music from an old air by G. W. C.

Oh, turn ye not dis - pleased a - way, though

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef, both in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Oh, turn ye not dis - pleased a - way, though".

I should some-times seem Too much to press up-

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "I should some-times seem Too much to press up-".

on your ear, an oft re - - peat - ed

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "on your ear, an oft re - - peat - ed".

theme; The sto-ry of the ne-gro's wrongs is

The fourth and final system of musical notation on the page. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "theme; The sto-ry of the ne-gro's wrongs is".

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system of music ends with a double bar line, and the second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

hea - vy at my heart, And can I choose but
 wish from you a sym - pa - thiz - ing part ?

I turn to you to share my joy,—to soothe me in my grief—
 In wayward sadness from your smiles, I seek a sweet relief:
 And shall I keep this burning wish to see the slave set free,
 Locked darkly in my secret heart, unshared and silently ?

If I had been a friendless thing—if I had never known,
 How swell the fountains of the heart beneath affection's tone,
 I might have, careless, seen the leaf torn rudely from its stem,
 But clinging as I do to you, can I but feel for them ?

I could not brook to list the sad sweet music of a bird,
 Though it were sweeter melody than ever ear hath heard,
 If cruel hands had quenched its light, that in the plaintive song,
 It might the breathing memory of other days prolong.

And can I give my lip to taste the life-bought luxuries, wrung
 From those on whom a darker night of anguish has been flung—
 Or silently and selfishly enjoy my better lot,
 While those whom God hath bade me love, are wretched and forgot ?

Oh no!—so blame me not, sweet friends, though I should some-
 times seem

Too much to press upon your ear an oft repeated theme;
 The story of the negro's wrongs hath won me from my rest,—
 And I must strive to wake for him an interest in your breast !

ROUSE UP, NEW ENGLAND.

Words by a Yankee.

Music by G. W. C.

Rouse up, New England! Buckle on your mail of proof sub-

lime, your stern old hate of tyr-an - ny, your

deep con-tempt of crime; A trai - tor plot is

hatching now, more full of woe and shame, Than
 ev-er from the i - ron heart of bloodiest des - pot came.

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two systems of three staves each. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

More slave States added at a breath! One flourish of a pen,
 And fetters shall be rivited on millions more of men!
 One drop of ink to sign a name, and slavery shall find
 For all her surplus flesh and blood, a market to her mind!

A market where good Democrats their fellow men may sell!
 O, what a grin of fiendish glee runs round and round thro' hell!
 How all the damned leap up for joy and half forget their fire,
 To think men take such pains to claim the notice of God's ire.

Is't not enough that we have borne the sneer of all the world,
 And bent to those whose haughty lips in scorn of us are curled?
 Is't not enough that we must hunt their living chattels back,
 And cheer the hungry bloodhounds on, that howl upon their track?

Is't not enough that we must bow to all that they decree,—
 These cotton and tobacco lords, these pimps of slavery?

That we must yield our conscience up to glut Oppression's maw,
And break our faith with God to keep the letter of Man's law ?

But must we sit in silence by, and see the chain and whip
Made firmer for all time to come in Slavery's bloody grip !
Must we not only half the guilt and all the shame endure,
But help to make our tyrant's throne of flesh and blood secure ?

Is water running in our veins ? Do we remember still
Old Plymouth rock, and Lexington, and glorious Bunker Hill ?
The debt we owe our Father's graves ? and to the yet unborn,
Whose heritage ourselves must make a thing of pride or scorn ?

Grey Plymouth rock hath yet a tongue, and Concord is not dumb,
And voices from our father's graves, and from the future come ;
They call on us to stand our ground, they charge us still to be
Not only free from chains ourselves, but foremost to make free !

Awake, New England ! While you sleep the foes advance their
lines ;
Already on your stronghold's wall their bloody banner shines ;
Awake ! and hurl them back again in terror and despair,
The time has come for earnest deeds, we've not a man to spare.

RISE, FREEMEN, RISE

Music by G. W. C.

Rise, freemen rise! the call goes forth, Attend the high com-

mand; O - be-dience to the word of God, Through-

out this guil - ty land: Throughout this guilty land.

Rise, free the slave; oh, burst his chains,
 And cast his fetters down;
 Let virtue be your country's pride,
 Her diadem and crown.
 Then shall the day at length arrive,
 When all shall equal be,
 And Freedom's banner, waving high,
 Proclaim that all are free.

Remember Me.

O Thou, from whom all goodness flows!
 I lift my heart to thee;

In all my wrongs, oppressions,
 woes,
 Dear Lord! remember me.

Afflictions sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee;
 Lord! let my strength be as my day,
 And still remember me.

Oppressed with scourges, bonds,
 and grief,
 This feeble body see;
 Oh! give my burdened soul relief,
 Hear, and remember me.

A BEACON HAS BEEN LIGHTED.

by G. W. C.

Air, "Blue-eyed Mary."

A bea-con has been lighted, Bright as the noon-day
Full many a shrine of er - ror, And many a deed of

sun ; On worlds of mind be - night - ed, Its
shame, Dis-mayed, has shrunk in ter - ror, Be-

Chorus.

rays are pour - ing down ; } Vic - to - rious, on, vic -
fore the light - ed flame. }

to - rious ! Proud bea - con on - - ward haste ; Till

floods of light all glo - rious, Il - lume the mor - al

Last time.

waste, Il - lume the mor - al waste.

Oppression foul has foundered,
 The demon gasps for breath;
 His rapid march is downward,
 To everlasting death.
 Old age and youth united,
 His works all prostrate hurl,
 And soon himself, affrighted,
 Shall hurry from this world.
 Victorious, on, victorious, &c

Proud liberty untiring,
 Strikes at the monster's heart;
 Beneath her blows expiring,
 He dreads her well-aimed dart.
 Her blows—we'll pray "God speed" them,
 Oppression to dispell;
 And how we fought for freedom,
 Let future ages tell.
 Victorious, on, victorious, &c.

VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND

Words by Whittier.

Music by G. W. C.

Up the hill side, down the glen, Rouse the sleeping

cit - i - zen; Summon out the might of men!

Like a li - on growling low, Like a night-storm

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'Free Soil Minstrel'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line at the top, a piano accompaniment in the middle, and a bass line at the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the piano staff. The lyrics are: 'ris - ing slow, Like the tread of un - seen foe.' The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings.

It is coming—it is nigh !
 Stand your homes and altars by ;
 On your own free thresholds die.
 Clang the bells in all your spires ;
 On the gray hills of your sires
 Fling to heaven your signal fires.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,
 Whoso to the yoke would bow,
 Brand the craven on his brow.
 Freedom's soil hath only place
 For a free and fearless race—
 None for traitors false and base.

Take your land of sun and bloom ;
 Only leave to Freedom room
 For her plough, and forge, and
 loom.

Take your slavery-blackened
 vales ;
 Leave us but our own free gales,
 Blowing on our thousand sails.

Onward with your fell design ;
 Dig the gulf and draw the line ;
 Fire beneath your feet the mine :

Deeply, when the wide abyss
 Yawns between your land and this,
 Shall ye feel your helplessness.

By the hearth, and in the bed,
 Shaken by a look or tread,
 Ye shall own a guilty dread.
 And the curse of unpaid toil,
 Downward through your generous
 soil,
 Like a fire shall burn and spoil.

Our bleak hills shall bud and blow,
 Vines our rocks shall overgrow,
 Plenty in our valleys flow ;—
 And when vengeance clouds your
 skies,
 Hither shall ye turn your eyes,
 As the damned on Paradise !

We but ask our rocky strand,
 Freedom's true and brother band,
 Freedom's strong and honest hand,
 Valleys by the slave untrod,
 And the Pilgrim's mountain sod,
 Blessed of our fathers' God !

OUR COUNTRYMEN IN CHAINS.

Words by Whittier.

"Beatitude," by T. Hastings.

Our fel - - low coun - - try - - men in
Slaves - crouch-ing on the ve - - - - ry
By eve - ry shrine of pat - - - - riot

chains, Slaves in a land of light and law!
plains Where rolled the storm of Free - dom's war!
blood, From Moultrie's wall and Jas - per's well.

A groan from Eu - taw's haunt - - - ed

wood - A wail where Camden's martyrs fell -

D. C.

By storied hill and hallow'd grot,
 By mossy wood and marshy glen,
 Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,
 And hurrying shout of Marion's men!
 The groan of breaking hearts is there—
 The falling lash—the fetter's clank!
 Slaves—**SLAVES** are breathing in that air,
 Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

What, ho!—our countrymen in chains!
 The whip on **WOMAN'S** shrinking flesh!
 Our soil yet reddening with the stains,
 Caught from her scourging, warm and
 fresh!
 What! mothers from their children riven!
 What! God's own image bought and
 sold!
AMERICANS to market driven,
 And barter'd as the brute for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer
 Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?
 To us, whose fathers scorn'd to bear
 The paltry menace of a chain;
 To us, whose boast is loud and long
 Of holy Liberty and Light—
 Say, shall these writhing slaves of wrong,
 Plead vainly for their plunder'd Right?

Shall every flap of England's flag
 Proclaim that all around are free,
 From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
 That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
 And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
 When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
 And round our country's altar clings
 The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
 The Christian's scorn—the Heathen's
 mirth—
 Content to live the lingering jest
 And by-word of a mocking Earth?
 Shall our own glorious land retain
 That curse which Europe scorns to
 bear?
 Shall our own brethren drag the chain
 Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
 And leave no traces where it stood;

No longer let its idol drink
 His daily cup of human blood:
 But rear another altar there,
 To Truth, and Love, and Mercy given,
 And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,
 Shall call an answer down from Heaven!

Myron Holley.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

Yes—fame is his:—but not the fame
 For which the conqueror pants and
 strives,
 Whose path is tracked through blood and
 flame,
 And over countless human lives!
 His name no armed battalions hail
 With bugle shriek or thundering gun—
 No widows curse him, as they wail
 For slaughtered husband and for son

Amid the moral strife alone,
 He battled fearlessly and long,
 And poured, with clear, untrembling tone,
 Rebuke upon the hosts of Wrong—
 To break Oppression's cruel rod,
 He dared the perils of the fight,
 And in the name of **FREEDOM'S** God
 Struck boldly for the **TRUE** and **RIGHT**!

With faith, whose eye was never dim,
 The triumph, yet afar, he saw,
 When, bonds smote off from soul and limb,
 And freed alike by Love and Law.
 The slave—no more a slave—shall stand
 Erect—and loud, from sea to sea,
 Exultant burst o'er all the land
 The glorious song of jubilee!

Why should we mourn, thy labor done,
 That thou art called to thy reward;
 Rest, Freedom's war-worn champion!
 Rest, faithful soldier of the **Lord**!
 For oh, not vainly hast thou striven,
 Through storm, and gloom, and deepest
 night—
 Not vainly hath thy life been given
 For **GOD**, for **FREEDOM**, and for **RIGHT**.

THE MAN FOR ME.

Parody by J. N. T. Tucker.

Air, "The Rose that all are praising."

Oh, he is not the man for me, Who buys or sells a

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the bass line is in the lower staff. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

slave, Nor he who will not set him free, But

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The notation continues from the first system. The lyrics "slave," and "Nor he who will not set him free, But" are placed between the staves. There are some phrasing slurs over the notes.

sends him to his grave; But he whose noble heart beats warm For

Detailed description: This system contains the third two staves of music. The lyrics "sends him to his grave; But he whose noble heart beats warm For" are placed between the staves. The melody continues with some phrasing slurs.

all mens life and lib - - er - ty; Who loves a-like each

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music on the page. The lyrics "all mens life and lib - - er - ty; Who loves a-like each" are placed between the staves. The melody concludes with a final note and a fermata.

human form—Oh that's the man for me, Oh that's the man for
me, Oh that's the man for me.

The image shows two systems of musical notation. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first system contains the lyrics 'human form—Oh that's the man for me, Oh that's the man for'. The second system contains the lyrics 'me, Oh that's the man for me.' The music is written in a simple, accessible style typical of minstrel songs.

He's not at all the man for me,
Who sells a man for gain,
Who bends the pliant servile knee,
To Slavery's God of shame!
But he whose God-like form erect
Proclaims that all alike are free
To think, and speak, and vote, and act,
Oh that's the man for me.

He sure is not the man for me
Whose spirit will succumb,
When men endowed with Liberty
Lie bleeding, bound and dumb;
But he whose faithful words of might
Ring through the land from shore to sea,
For man's eternal equal right,
Oh that's the man for me.

No, no, he's not the man for me
Whose voice o'er hill and plain,
Breaks forth for glorious liberty,
But binds himself, the chain!
The mightiest of the noble band
Who prays and toils the world to free,
With head, and heart, and voice, and vote --
Oh that's the man for me.

PILGRIM SONG.

Words by Geo. Lunt.

Air "Troubadour."

O - - ver the mountain wave See where they come ;

Storm-cloud and wintry wind Welcome them home ; Yet where the sounding gale
Pilgrims and wan-der - ers,

Howls to the sea, There their song peals a-long, Deep toned and free.
Hith-er we come: Where the free dare to be, This is our home

England hath sunny dales,
Dearly they bloom ;
Scotia hath heather-hills,
Sweet their perfume :
Yet through the wilderness
Cheerful we stray,
Native land, native land—
Home far away !
Pilgrims, &c.

Dim grew the forest path,
 Onward they trod:
 Firm beat their noble hearts,
 Trusting in God!
 Gray men and blooming maids,
 High rose their song—
 Hear it sweep, clear and deep
 Ever along!
 Pilgrims, &c.

Not their's the glory-wreath,
 Torn by the blast;
 Heavenward their holy steps,
 Heavenward they passed!
 Green be their mossy graves!
 Ours be their fame,
 While their song peals along,
 Ever the same!
 Pilgrims, &c.

The Bondman.

FROM THE LIBERATOR.

Feebly the bondman toiled,
 Sadly he wept—
 Then to his wretched cot
 Mournfully crept:
 How doth his free-born soul
 Pine 'neath his chain!

Slavery! Slavery!
 Dark is thy reign.

Long ere the break of day,
 Roused from repose,
 Wearily toiling
 Till after its close—
 Praying for freedom,
 He spends his last breath:
 Liberty! Liberty!
 Give me, or death.

When, when, oh Lord! will right
 Triumph o'er wrong?
 Tyrants oppress the weak,
 Oh Lord! how long?
 Hark! hark! a peal resounds
 From shore to shore—
 Tyranny! Tyranny!
 Thy reign is o'er.

E'en now the morning
 Gleams from the East—
 Despots are feeling
 Their triumph is past—
 Strong hearts are answering
 To freedom's loud call—
 Liberty! Liberty!
 Full and for all.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Words by Mrs. Sigourney.

Music by G. W. C.

The first system of music consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "We have a good - ly clime, Broad

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "vales and streams we boast; Our

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "moun - tain fron - tiers frown sub - - lime,

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "Old O - - - cean guards our coast."

Suns bless our harvests fair,
With fervid smile serene,
But a dark shade is gathering there,
What can its blackness mean ?

We have a birth-right proud,
For our young sons to claim—
An eagle soaring o'er the cloud,
In freedom and in fame.

We have a scutcheon bright,
By our dead fathers bought ;
A fearful blot distains its white—
Who hath such evil wrought ?

Our banner o'er the sea
Looks forth with starry eye,
Emblazoned glorious, bold and free,
A letter on the sky—

What hand with shameful stain,
Hath marred its heavenly blue ?
The yoke, the fasces, and the chain,
Say, are these emblems true ?

This day doth music rare
Swell through our nation's bound,
But Afric's wailing mingles there,
And Heaven doth hear the sound.

O God of power ! we turn
In penitence to thee,
Bid our loved land the lesson learn—
To bid the slave be free.

YE SPIRITS OF THE FREE.

Air—"My faith looks up to thee."

1. Ye spir - its of the free, Can ye for

2. In pride and pomp to roll, Shall ty - rants

ev - er see Your broth - er man A yoked and

from the soul God's im - age tear, And call the

scour - ged slave, Chains drag - ging to his grave,

wreck their own,—While, from th'e - - ter - nal throne,

And raise no hand to save? Say if you can.

They shut the sti - fled groan, And bit - ter prayer?

Shall he a slave be bound,
Whom God hath doubly crowned
Creation's lord ?
Shall men of Christian name,
Without a blush of shame,
Profess their tyrant claim
From God's own word ?

No! at the battle cry,
A host prepared to die,
Shall arm for fight—
But not with martial steel,
Grasped with a murderous zeal;
No arms their foes shall feel,
But love and light.

Firm on Jehovah's laws,
Strong in their righteous cause,
They march to save.
And vain the tyrant's mail,
Against their battle-hail,
Till cease the woe and wail
Of tortured slave !

Sing Me a Triumph Song.

Sing me a triumph song,
Roll the glad notes along,
Great God, to thee!
Thine be the glory bright,
Source of all power and might !
For thou hast said, in might,
Man shall be free.

Sing me a triumph song,
Let all the sound prolong,
Air, earth, and sea,
Down falls the tyrant's power,
See his dread minions cower;
Now, from this glorious hour,
Man will be free.

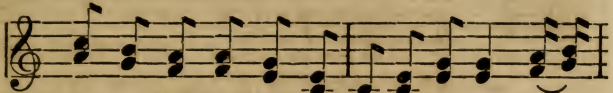
Sing me a triumph song,
Sing in the mighty throng,
Sing Jubilee !
Let the broad welkin ring,
While to heaven's mighty King,
Honor and praise we sing,
For man is free.

WAKE, SONS OF THE PILGRIMS.

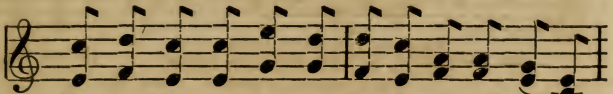
Air—"M'Gregor's Gathering."



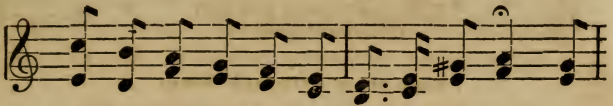
Wake sons of the Pilgrims, and look to your right! The



des - pots of Slav - 'ry are up in their might; In-



dulge not in sleep, it's like dig-ging the graves Of

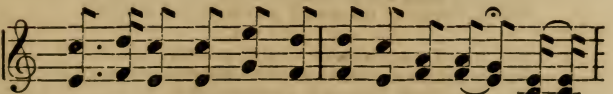


blood-purchased freedom—'tis yield-ing like slaves. Then

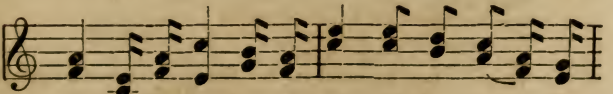


hal- loo, halloo hal-loo to the contest,

A-



wake from your slum-bers, no long-er de - lay, But



strug-gle for free-dom, while strug-gle you may— Then

ral - - ly, ral - - ly, ral - - ly,
 ral - - ly, ral - - ly, ral - - ly, While our
 for - ests shall wave or while rush-es a riv-er, Oh,
 yield not your birth-right! maintain it for ev - er!

Wake, Sons of the Pilgrims! why slumber ye on?
 Your chains are now forging, your fetters are done;
 Oh! sleep not, like Samson, on Slavery's foul arm,
 For, Delilah-like, she's now planning your harm.
 Then halloo, halloo, halloo, to the contest!
 Awake from your sleeping—nor slumber again,
 Once bound in your fetters, you'll struggle in vain;
 Then rally, rally, rally, rally, rally, rally—
 While your eye-balls may move, O wake up now, or never—
 Wake, freemen! awake, or you're ruined forever!

Yes, freemen are waking! we fling to the breeze,
 The bright flag of freedom, the banner of Peace;
 The slave long forgotten, forlorn, and alone,
 We hail as a brother—our own mother's son!
 Then halloo, halloo, halloo, to the contest!
 For freedom we rally—for freedom to all—
 To rescue the slave, and ourselves too from thrall.
 We rally, rally, rally, rally, rally, rally—
 While a slave shall remain, bound, the weak by the stronger,
 We will never disband, but strive harder and longer

COME, JOIN THE FREE SOILERS.

Air—"When I can read my title clear."

1. Come, join the friends of li - ber - ty, Ye

2. Come, join the friends of li - ber - ty, Ye

young men bold and strong, And with a warm and

men of ri - per years, And save your wives and

cheer-ful zeal, Come, help the cause a - long: Come

child-ren dear, From grief and bit - ter tears: From

help the cause a - - - long, Come

grief and bit - - - ter tears, From

help the cause a - long; And with a warm and

grief and bit - ter tears; And save your wives and

cheer-ful zeal, Come help the cause a - long.

chil-dren dear, From grief and bit - ter tears.

Oh that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - - ful,

Oh that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - - ful,

Oh that will be joy - ful, When all mankind are

Oh that will be joy - ful, When all mankind are

free, When all man-kind are free, When
free, When all man-kind are free, When

all man-kind are free: 'Tis then we'll sing, and
all man-kind are free: 'Tis then we'll sing, and

off'rings bring, When all mankind are free.
off'rings bring, When all mankind are free.

Come, join the friends of liberty,
Ye dames and maidens fair;
And breathe around us in our path,
Affection's hallowed air.
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful,
When woman cheers us on,
When woman cheers us on,
When woman cheers us on,
To conquests not yet won;
'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings
bring,
When woman cheers us on.

Come join the friends of liberty,
Ye sons and daughters all,
Of this our own America;
Come at the friendly call.
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful,
When all shall proudly say,
This, this is freedom's day,
Oppression flee away!
'Tis then we'll sing and offerings
bring,
When Freedom wins the day.

WE ARE COME, ALL COME.

By G. W. C.

We are come, all come, with the crowd'd throng, To
 We are come, all come, with a hal - low'd vow, At
 join our notes in a plaintive song; For the bond man sighs, and the
 the shrine of slavery never to bow, For the despots reign o'er
 scalding tear Runs down his cheek while we mingle here.
 hill and plain, Spreads grief and woe in his hor - rid train.

We are come, all come, a determin'd band,
 To rescue the slave from the tyrants hand;
 And our prayers shall ascend with our songs to Him
 Who sits in the midst of the cherubim.

We are come, all come, in the strength of youth,
 In the light of hope and the power of truth;
 And we joy to see in our ranks to-day,
 The honored locks of the good and grey.

We are come, all come, in our holy might,
 And freedom's foes shall be put to flight;
 Oh God! with favoring smiles from thee,
 Our songs shall soon chant the victor

THE LAW OF LOVE.

Words by a Lady.

Music by G. W. C.

Blest is the man whose ten - - der heart Feels
Whose breast expands with gen - erous warmth, A

all a - noth - er's pain, To whom the
stran - ger's woe to feel, And bleeds in

sup - pli - cat - - - ing eye Was nev - - - er
pi - - ty o'er the wound, He wants the

raised in vain, Was ne - - ver raised in vain.
power to heal, He wants the power to heal.

He spreads his kind supporting arms,
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in his foe.

To him protection shall be shown,
And mercy from above
Descend on those, who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

Oh! Charity!

Oh charity! thou heavenly grace,
All tender, soft, and kind,
A friend to all the human race,
To all that's good inclined.

The man of charity extends
To all his helping hand;
His kindred, neighbors, foes, and friends,
His pity may command.

The sick, the prisoner, deaf, and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find;
He loves to give relief.

'Tis love that makes religion sweet
'Tis love that makes us rise,
With willing minds, and ardent feet,
To yonder happy skies.

THE MERCY SEAT.

Words by Mrs. Sigourney.

Music by G. W. C.

From eve - ry stor - my wind that blows,
There is a place where Je - - sus sheds

From eve - ry swell - ing tide of
The oil of glad - ness on our

woes, There is a calm a sure re-
heads, A place than all be - side more

treat—Our re - - - fuge is the Mer - cy seat.

sweet—We seek the blood - bought Mer-cy - seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 Though sundered far, by faith we meet,
 Around one common Mercy-Seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
 When hunted, scourged, oppressed, dismayed,—
 Or how our bloody foes defeat,
 Had suffering slaves no Mercy-Seat!

Oh! let these hands forget their skill,
 These tongues be silent, cold, and still,
 These throbbing hearts forget to beat,
 If we forget the Mercy-Seat.

Friend of the Friendless.

God of my life! to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint!
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
 Where but with thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Does not thy word still fixed remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain?

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
 Yet God, my God forgets me not;
 And he is safe, he must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

WAKE YE NUMBERS!

Words by Lewis.

Air, "Strike the Cymbals."

Wake ye num-bers! from your slum-bers,
Flags are wav-ing, all ty - rants brav-ing,

Chorus.
Hear the song of free-dom pour! By its shaking,
Proudly, free - - ly, o'er our plains; Let no minions

fiercely breaking, Eve - ry chain up - on our shore. }
check our pinions, While a sin - gle grief re-mains. }

Solo 1mo. Proud ob - lations, thou Queen of nations! Have been poured up
Solo 2d.

on thy wa-ters; Af-ric's bleeding sons and daughters,

Chorus.

Now be-fore us, loud implore us, Looking to Je-

Trio. Lento.

ho - vah's throne, Chains are wearing, hearts despairing,

Chorus. Tempo.

Will ye hear a na-tions moan? Soothe their sorrow,

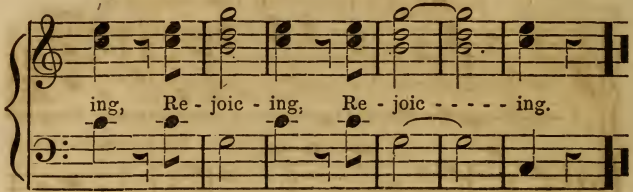
Solo.

ere the morrow Change their aching hearts to stone : Then the

light of nature's smile Freedom's realm shall bless the while; And the

pleasure mercy brings Flow from all her latent springs; De

light shall spread, shall spread her shining wings, Re - joic-



Daily, nightly, burning brightly,
 Glory's pillar fills the air;
 Hearts are waking, chains are breaking,
 Freedom bids her sons prepare:
 O'er the ocean, in proud devotion,
 Incense rises to the skies;
From our mountains o'er our fountains,
 See, our Eagle proudly flies!
 What deploring impedes his soaring?
 Millions still in bondage sighing!
 Long in deep oppression lying!
 Shall their story mar our glory?
 Must their life in sorrow flow?
 Tears are falling! fetters galling!
 Listen to the cry of woe!
 Still oppressing! never blessing!
 Shall their grief no ending know?
Yes! our nation yet shall feel;
 Time shall break the chain of steel;
 Then the slave shall nobly stand;
 Peace shall smile with lustre bland;
Glory shall crown our happy land—
 Forever.

COMFORT FOR THE BONDMAN.

Air—"Indian Philosopher."

Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades in this

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and D5. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with quarter notes G2, B1, D2, and E2.

wil - der - ness, Who groan beneath your chains; A

The second system continues the melody. The treble staff has quarter notes E5, D5, C5, B4, A4, G4, and F4. The bass staff has quarter notes G2, B1, D2, and E2.

while for - get your griefs and fears, And look beyond this

The third system continues the melody. The treble staff has quarter notes E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3, and F3. The bass staff has quarter notes G2, B1, D2, and E2.

vale of tears, To yon ce - les - tial plains.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The treble staff has quarter notes E3, D3, C3, B2, A2, G2, and F2. The bass staff has quarter notes G2, B1, D2, and E2. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Beyond the bounds of time and space,
 Look forward to that heavenly place,
 Which mortals never trod ;
 On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
 Work out your passage to the skies,
 And scale the mount of God.

If, like our Lord, we suffer here,
 We shall before his face appear,
 And at his side sit down ;
 To patient faith the prize is sure,
 For all who to the end endure
 Shall wear a glorious crown.

Thrice blessed, exalted, blissful hope !
 It lifts our fainting spirits up,
 It brings to life the dead ;
 Our bondage here will soon be past,
 Then we shall rise and reign at last,
 Triumphant with our Head.

Come and see the Works of God.

Lift up to God the shout of joy,
 Let all the earth its powers employ,
 To sound his glorious praise ;
 Say, unto God—" How great art thou !
 Thy foes before thy presence bow !
 How gracious are thy ways !"

To thee all lands their homage bring,
 They raise the song, they shout, they sing
 The honors of thy name."
 Come ! see the wondrous works of God ;
 How dreadful is his vengeful rod !
 How wide extends his fame !

He made a highway through the sea,
 His people, long-enslaved, to free,
 And give them Canaan's land ;
 Through endless years his reign extends,
 His piercing eye to earth he bends—
 Ye despots ! fear his hand.

O ! bless our God, lift up your voice
 Ye people ! sing aloud—rejoice—
 His mighty praise declare ;
 The Lord hath made our bondage cease,
 Broke off our chains, brought sure release,
 And turned to praise our prayer.

HARK! A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

Words by Oliver Johnson.

Music—"Zion."

Hark! a voice from heaven proclaiming, Com - fort

to the mourn-ing slave; God has heard him long com-

plain - ing, And ex - tends his arm to save; Proud op-

pres-sion Soon shall find a shame-ful grave; Proud op-

pres - sion, Soon shall find a shame-ful end.

See, the light of truth is breaking
 Full and clear on every hand ;
 And the voice of mercy speaking,
 Now is heard through all the land :
 Firm and fearless,
 See the friends of freedom stand,

Lo! the nation is arousing
 From its slumber long and deep ;
 And the friends of God are waking,
 Never, never more to sleep,
 While a bondman,
 In his chains remains to weep.

Long, too long, have we been dreaming
 O'er our country's sin and shame :
 Let us now, the time redeeming,
 Press the helpless captive's claim—
 Till exulting,
 He shall cast aside his chain.

THE PLEASANT LAND WE LOVE.

Words by N. P. Willis.

Air, Carrier Dove.

Joy to the plea - sant land we love, The
The wife sits meekly by the hearth, Her

land our fa - thers trod! Joy to the land for
in - - fant child be - side; The fa - ther on his

which they won "Free - dom to wor - ship God." For
no - ble boy Looks with a fear - less pride. The

peace on all its sun - - ny hills, On
grey old man, be - neath the tree, Tales

eve - ry mountain broods, And sleeps by all its
of his childhood tells; And sweet - ly in the

gushing rills, And all its mighty floods.
hush of morn Peal out the Sab - bath bells.

And we ARE free—but is there not
 One blot upon our name?
 Is our proud record written fair
 Upon the scroll of fame?
 Our banner floateth by the shore,
 Our flag upon the sea;
 But when the fettered slave is loosed,
 We shall be truly free!

The Freed Slave.

Yet once again, once more again,
 My bark bounds o'er the wave;
 They know not, who ne'er clanked the
 chain,

What 'tis to be a slave:
 To sit alone, beside the wood,
 And gaze upon the sky:
 This may, indeed, be solitude,
 But 'tis not slavery.

Fatigued with labor's noontide task,
 To sigh in vain for sleep;
 Or faintly smile, our griefs to mask,
 When 't would be joy to weep;
 To court the shade of leafy bower,
 Thirst for the freeborn wave,
 But to obtain denied the power—
 This is to be a slave!

Son of the sword! on honor's field
 'Tis thine to find a grave;
 Yet, when from life's worst ill 'twould
 shield,
 It comes not to the slave.
 The lightsome to the heavy heart,
 The laugh changed to the sigh;

To live from all we love apart—
 Oh! this is slavery.

The Flag of the Free.

By G. W. C.

Fling abroad its folds to the cooling breeze,
 Let it float at the mast-head high;
 And gather around, all hearts resolved,
 To sustain it there or die:
 An emblem of peace and hope to the
 world,
 Unstained let it ever be;
 And say to the world, where'er it waves,
 Our flag is the flag of the free!

That banner proclaims to the list'ning
 earth,
 That the reign of base tyrants is o'er,
 The galling chain of the cruel lord,
 Shall enslave mankind no more:
 An emblem of hope to the poor and
 crushed,
 O place it where all may see;
 And shout with glad voice as you raise it
 high,
 Our flag is the flag of the free!

Then on high, on high let that banner
 wave,
 And lead us the foe to meet,
 Let it float in triumph o'er our heads,
 Or be our winding sheet:
 And never, oh, never be it furled,
 'Till it wave o'er earth and sea;
 And all mankind shall swell the shout
 Our flag is the flag of the free.

MARCH TO THE BATTLEFIELD.

by G. W. C.

Air "Oft in the stilly night."

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "March to the bat - tle - field, The foe is now be-

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "fore us; Each heart is free - dom's shield, And

Musical notation for the third system, concluding the piece. The lyrics are: "heaven is smil - - ing o'er us The

woes and pains of slave-ry's chains, That

bind their mill-ions un - - der; In proud disdain we'll

burst their chain, And tear each link a - sun - - - der.

D. C.

Who for his country brave,
 Would fly from her invader ?
 Who his base life to save
 Would traitor like degrade her ?
 Our hallowed cause—
 Our homes and laws,
 'Gainst tyrant hosts sustaining,
 We'll win a crown of bright renown,
 Or die, man's rights maintaining,
 March to the battlefield, &c.

Oft in the Chilly Night.

BY PIERPONT.

Oft in the chilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 When all her silvery light
 The moon is pouring round me,
 Beneath its ray I kneel and pray
 That God would give some token
 That slavery's chains on Southern plains,
 Shall all ere long be broken :
 Yes, in the chilly night,
 Though slavery's chain has bound me,
 Kneel I, and feel the might
 Of God's right arm around me.

When at the driver's call,
 In cold or sultry weather,
 We slaves, both great and small,
 Turn out to toil together,
 I feel like one from whom the sun
 Of hope has long departed ;
 And morning's light, and weary night,
 Still find me broken hearted :
 Thus, when the chilly breath
 Of night is sighing round me,
 Kneel I, and wish that death
 In his cold chain had bound me.

SONG OF THE FREE.

Parodied by G. W. C.

Tune, Lutzow's Wild Hunt.

From valley and mountain, from hill-top and glen, What

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style.

shouts thro' the air are rebounding! And echo is sending the sounds

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The music continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

back again, And loud thro' the air they are sound-ing, And

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The music concludes with a final chord.

loud through the air they are sound - ing: And if you

ask what those joyous strains? 'Tis the 'Tis the

songs of bond-men now burst-ing their chains.

And who through our nation is waging the fight?
 What host from the battle is flying?
 Our true hearted freemen maintain the right,
 And the monster oppression is dying,
 And the monster oppression is dying:
 And if you ask what you there behold?
 'Tis the army of freemen, the true and the bold.

Too long have slave-holders triumphantly reigned,
 Too long in their chains have they bound us;
 To freedom awaking, no longer enchained,
 The goddess of freedom has saved us,
 The goddess of freedom has saved us:
 And if you ask what has made us free?
 'Tis the vote that gave us our liberty.

Holy Freedom.

BY OLIVER JOHNSON.*

The bondmen are free in the isles of the main!
 The chains from their limbs they are flinging!
 They stand up as men!—never tyrant again,
 In the pride of his heart, shall God's image profane!
 It is Liberty's song that is ringing!
 Hark! loud comes the cry o'er the bounding sea,
 "Freedom! Freedom! Freedom, our joy is in thee!"

Alas! that to-day, on Columbia's shore,
 The groans of her slaves are resounding!
 On plains of the South their life-blood they pour!
 O, Freemen! blest Freemen! your help they implore!
 It is Slavery's wail that is sounding!
 Hark! loud comes the cry on the Southern gale,
 "Freedom! Freedom Freedom or death must prevail!"

O ye who are blest with fair Liberty's light,
 With courage and hope all abounding,
 With weapons of love be ye bold for the right!
 By the preaching of truth put oppression to flight!
 Then, your altars triumphant surrounding,
 Loud, loud let the anthem of joy ring out!
 "Freedom! Freedom!" list all the world to the shout!

* Attributed to Pierpont in previous editions by mistake.

ARE YE TRULY FREE ?

Words by J. R. Lowell.

Air, "Martyn."

Men! whose boast it is that ye Come of fa - thers
If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye tru - ly

Are ye not base slaves in-deed, Men un-wor - thy

brave and free; } If ye do not feel the
free and brave? }
to be freed ?

chain, When it works a broth-er's pain.

Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe God's bounteous air,
If ye hear without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains;
Answer! are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free ?

Is true freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And, with leathern hearts forget
 That we owe mankind a debt?
 No! true freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And with hand and heart to be
 Earnest to make others free.

They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak;
 They are slaves, who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
 Rather than, in silence, shrink
 From the truth they needs must think;
 They are slaves, who dare not be
 In the right with *two* or *three*.

That's my Country.

Does the land, in native might,
 Pant for Liberty and Right?
 Long to cast from human kind
 Chains of body and of mind—
 That's my country, that's the land
 I can love with heart and hand,
 O'er her miseries weep and sigh,
 For her glory live and die.

Does the land her banner wave,
 Most invitingly, to save;
 Woing to her arms of love,
 Strangers who would freemen prove?
 That's the land to which I cling,
 Of her glories I can sing,
 On her altar nobly swear
 Higher still her fame to rear.

Does the land no conquest make,
 But the war for honor's sake—
 Count the greatest triumph won,
 That which most of good has done—
 That's the land approved of God;
 That's the land whose stainless sod
 O'er my sleeping dust shall bloom,
 Noblest land and noblest tomb!

YE SONS OF FREEMEN.

Words by Mrs. J. G. Carter.

Air, "Marseilles Hymn."

Ye sons of freemen wake to sadness, Hark! hark, what

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'Ye sons of freemen wake to sadness, Hark! hark, what' are written below the middle staff.

myriads bid you rise; Three millions of our race in

This system contains the next three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'myriads bid you rise; Three millions of our race in' are written below the middle staff.

Unisons.

madness Break out in wails, in bitter cries, Break out in

This system contains the final three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'madness Break out in wails, in bitter cries, Break out in' are written below the middle staff. The word 'Unisons.' is written above the middle staff.

wails, in bitter cries; Must men whose hearts now bleed with

anguish, Yes, trembling slaves, in freedom's land En-

dure the lash, nor raise a hand? Must

The fearful storm—it threatens lowering,
 Which God in mercy long delays;
 Slaves yet may see their masters cowering,
 While whole plantations smoke and blaze!
 While whole plantations smoke and blaze!
 And we may now prevent the ruin,
 Ere lawless force with guilty stride
 Shall scatter vengeance far and wide—
 With untold crimes their hands embruing.
 Have pity on the slave;
 Take courage from God's word;
Pray on, pray on, all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free!

With luxury and wealth surrounded,
 The southern masters proudly dare,
 With thirst of gold and power unbounded,
 To mete and vend God's light and air!
 To mete and vend God's light and air;
 Like beasts of burden, slaves are loaded,
 Till life's poor toilsome day is o'er;
 While they in vain for right implore;
 And shall they longer still be goaded?
 Have pity on the slave;
 Take courage from God's word;
Toil on, toil on, all hearts resolved these captives shall be free.

O Liberty! can man e'er bind thee?
 Can overseers quench thy flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
 Or threats thy Heaven born spirit tame?
 Or threats thy Heaven born spirit tame?
 Too long the slave has groaned bewailing
 The power these heartless tyrants wield;
 Yet free them not by sword or shield,
 For with men's hearts they're unavailing.
 Have pity on the slave:
 Take courage from God's word;
Vote on! vote on! all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free!

BE FREE, O MAN, BE FREE.

Words by Mary H. Maxwell.

Music by G. W. C.

The storm-winds wildly blowing, The bursting billows
As, with their foam-crests glowing, They dash the sea-girt

mock, } A - mid the wild com - mo - tion, The
rock ; }

rev - - el of the sea, A voice is on the

o - - cean, Be free, O man, be free.

Behold the sea-brine leaping
 High in the murky air;
 List to the tempest sweeping
 In chainless fury there.
 What moves the mighty torrent,
 And bids it flow abroad?
 Or turns the rapid current?
 What, but the voice of God?

Then, answer, is the spirit
 Less noble or less free?
 From whom does it inherit
 The doom of slavery?
 When man can bind the waters,
 That they no longer roll,
 Then let him forge the fetters
 To clog the human soul.

Till then a voice is stealing
 From earth and sea, and sky,
 And to the soul revealing
 Its immortality.
 The swift wind chants the numbers
 Careering o'er the sea,
 And earth aroused from slumbers,
 Re-echoes, "Man, be free."

Arouse! Arouse!

Arouse, arouse, arouse!
 Ye bold New England men!
 No more with sullen brows,
 Remain as ye have been:

Your country's freedom calls,
 Once bought by patriots' blood;
 Rouse, or that freedom falls
 Beneath the tyrant's rod!

Three million men in chains,
 Your friendly aid implore;
 Slight you the piteous strains
 That from their bosoms pour?
 Shall it be told in story,
 Or troll'd in burning song,
 New England's boasted glory
 Forget the bondman's wrong?

Shall freeman's sons be taunted,
 That freedom's spirit's fled;
 That what the fathers vaunted,
 With sordid sons is dead?
 That they in grovelling gain
 Have lost their ancient fire,
 And 'neath the despot's chain,
 Let liberty expire?

Oh no, your father's bones
 Would cry out from the ground;
 Ay, e'en New England's stones
 Would echo on the sound:
 Rouse, then, New England men!
 Rally in freedom's name!
 In your bosoms once again
 Light up the sleeping flame!

THE LAST NIGHT OF SLAVERY.

Tune—"Cherokee Death-song."

Let the floods clap their hands, Let the mountains re-

joice, Let all the glad lands Breathe a ju - bi - lant

voice; The sun that now sets on the waves of the

sea Shall gild with his ris-ing the land of the free.

Let the islands be glad !
For their King in his might,
Who his glory hath clad
With a garment of light,
In the waters the beams of his chambers hath laid,
And in the green waters his pathway hath made.

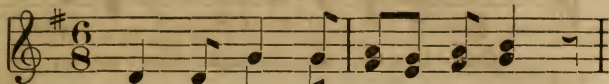
No more shall the deep,
Lend its awe-stricken waves,
In their caverns to steep
Its wild burden of slaves ;
The Lord sitteth King—sitteth King on the flood,
He heard, and hath answered the voice of their blood.

Dispel the blue haze,
Golden fountain of morn !
With meridian blaze
The wide ocean 'adorn :
The sunlight has touched the glad waves of the sea,
And day now illumines the land of the free.

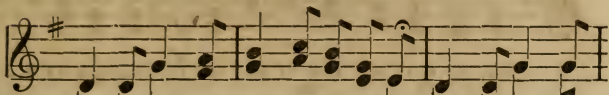
THE LITTLE SLAVE GIRL.

Words by a Lady.

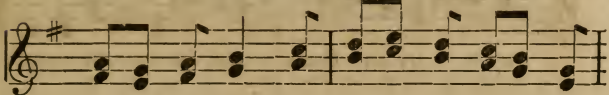
Air— Morgiana in Ireland.



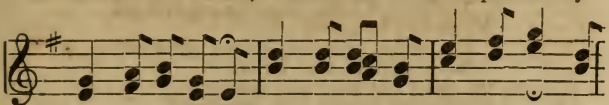
When bright morn - ing lights the hills,



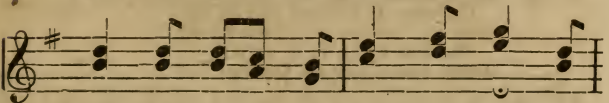
Where free children sing most cheerily, My young breast with



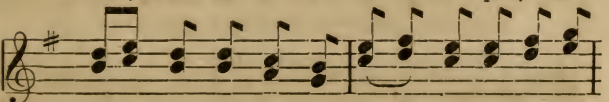
sor - row fills, While here I plod my



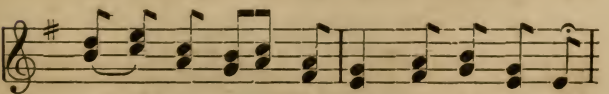
way so wea-ri-ly: Sad my face, more sad my heart, From



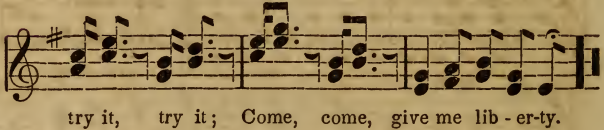
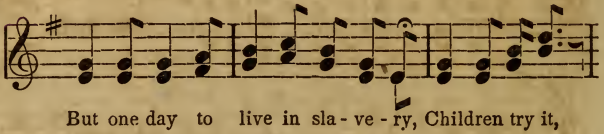
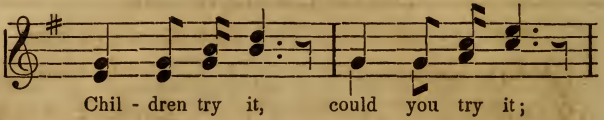
home, from all I had to part, A



lov - ing moth-er, my sis - ter, my brother, For



chains and lash in hope - less mis - e - ry,



Ere I close my eyes to sleep,
 Thoughts of home keep coming over me;
 All alone I wake and weep—
 Yet mother hears not—no one pities me—
 Never smiling, sick, forlorn,
 Oh that I had ne'er been born!
 I should not sorrow to die to-morrow,
 Then mother earth would kindly shelter me;
 Children try it, could you try it!
 Give me freedom, yes, from misery!
 Children try it, try it, try it!
 Come, come, give me Liberty!

GET OFF THE TRACK.

Words by Jesse Hutchinson.

Air, "Dan Tucker."

Ho! the car Emancipation Rides majestic thro' our nation,

Bearing on its train the story, Liberty! a nation's glory.

Roll it a - long, roll it a - long, roll it a-long,

thro' the na-tion, Freedom's car, Eman-ci-pa - tion!

Men of various predilections,
 Frightened, run in all directions;
 Merchants, editors, physicians,
 Lawyers, priests, and politicians.
 Get out of the way! every station!
 Clear the track of 'mancipation!

Let the ministers and churches
 Leave behind sectarian lurches ;
 Jump on board the Car of Freedom,
 Ere it be too late to need them.
 Sound the alarm ! Pulpits thunder !
 Ere too late you see your blunder !

Politicians gazed, astounded,
 When, at first, our bell resounded :
Freight trains are coming, tell these foxes,
 With our *votes* and *ballot boxes*.
 Jump for your lives ! politicians,
 From your dangerous, false positions.

Railroads to emancipation
 Cannot rest on Whig foundation.
 And the Baltimore Convention,
 Leads direct to slave extension.
 Pull up the rails ! Emancipation
 Cannot rest on such foundation.

All true friends of Emancipation,
 Haste to Freedom's railroad station ;
 Quick into the cars get seated,
 All is ready and completed.—
 Put on the steam ! all are crying,
 And the liberty flags are flying.

On, triumphant see them bearing,
 Through sectarian rubbish tearing ;
 The bell and whistle and the steaming,
 Startle thousands from their dreaming.
 Look out for the cars while the bell **rings !**
 Ere the sound your funeral knell rings.

See the people run to meet us ;
 At the depôts thousands greet us ;
 All take seats with exultation,
 In the Car Emancipation.
 Huzza ! Huzza !! Emancipation
 Soon will bless our happy nation.
 Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !!!

FREEDOM'S GLORIOUS DAY

Words from the "Bangor Gazette."

Air, "Crambambule."

Let wait-ing throngs now lift their voi-ces, As
While every gen-tle tongue re - - joices, And

Free - dom's glo - rious day draws near, } The
each bold heart is filled with cheer, }

slave has seen the Northern star, He'll soon be free, hurrah, hurrah!

Hurrah, hurrah, hur - rah, hur - rah!

Though many still are writhing under
 The cruel whips of "chevaliers,"
 Who mothers from their children sunder,
 And scourge them for their helpless tears—
 Their safe deliv'rance is not far!
 The day draws nigh!—hurrah, hurrah!

Just ere the dawn the darkness deepest
 Surrounds the earth as with a pall;
 Dry up thy tears, O thou that weepst,
 That on thy sight the rays may fall!
 No doubt let now thy bosom mar:
 Send up the shout—hurrah, hurrah!

Shall we distrust the God of Heaven?—
 He every doubt and fear will quell;
 By him the captive's chains are riven—
 So let us loud the chorus swell!
 Man shall be free from cruel law,—
 Man shall be MAN!—hurrah, hurrah!

No more again shall it be granted
 To southern overseers to rule—
 No more will pilgrims' sons be taunted
 With cringing low in slavery's school.
 So clear the way for Freedom's car—
 The free shall rule!—hurrah, hurrah!

Send up the shout Emancipation—
 From heaven let the echoes bound—
 Soon will it bless this franchised nation,
 Come raise again the stirring sound?
 Emancipation near and far—
 Swell up the shout—hurrah! hurrah!

HARBINGER OF LIBERTY.

Words by a Lady.

Music by G. W. C.

See yon glo-rious star as - cend - ing, Brightly
Truth and peace on earth por- tending, Herald

o'er the Southern sea! } Hail it, Free-men! Hail it
of a ju - bi - lee! }

Free - men! 'Tis the star of Lib - er - ty.

Dim at first—but widely spreading,
 Soon 'twill burst supremely bright,
 Life and health and comfort shedding
 O'er the shades of moral night ;
 Hail it, Bondmen !
 Slavery cannot bear its light.

Few its rays—'t is but the dawning
 Of the reign of truth and peace ;
 Joy to slaves—yet sad forewarning,
 To the tyrants of our race ;
 Tremble, Tyrants !
 Soon your cruel pow'r will cease.

Earth is brighten'd by the glory
 Of its mild and peaceful rays ;
 Ransom'd slaves shall tell the story,
 See its light, and sing its praise ;
 Hail it, Christians !
 Harbinger of better days.

Light of Truth.

HARK! a voice from heaven proclaiming
 Comfort to the mourning slave ;
 God has heard him long complaining,
 And extends his arm to save ;
 Proud Oppression
 Soon shall find a shameful grave.

See! the light of truth is breaking,
 Full and clear on ev'ry hand ;
 And the voice of mercy, speaking,
 Now is heard through all the land ;
 Firm and fearless,
 See the friends of Freedom stand !

Lo! the nation is arousing
 From its slumbers, long and deep ;
 And the church of God is waking,
 Never, never more to sleep,
 While a bondman,
 In his chains remains to weep.

Long, too long, have we been dreaming,
 O'er our country's sin and shame ;
 Let us now, the time redeeming,
 Press the helpless captive's claim,
 Till, exulting,
 He shall cast aside his chain.

BREAK EVERY YOKE.

Tune—"O no, we never mention her."

Break eve - ry yoke, the Gos - pel cries, And
Let eve - ry cap - tive taste the joys, Of

Send thy good Spir - it from a - bove, And
Send sweet de - liv - 'rance to the slave, And

let th'op-pressed go free, } Lord, when shall man thy
peace and lib - er - ty. }

melt th'op - pres - sor's heart, } With free - dom's bless - ings
bid his woes de - part. }

voice o - - bey, And rend each i - ron chain, Oh

crown his day—O'er - flow his heart with love, Teach

when shall love its golden sway, O'er all the earth main-tain.

him that straight and nar-row way, Which leads to rest a - bove.

THE YANKEE GIRL.

Words by Whittier.

Music by G. W. C.

She sings by her wheel at that low cot-tage

The first system of musical notation for 'The Yankee Girl'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics 'She sings by her wheel at that low cot-tage' are written below the piano staff.

door, Which the long evening sha- dow is stretching be-

The second system of musical notation. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'door, Which the long evening sha- dow is stretching be-' are written below the piano staff.

fore; With a mu - sic as sweet as the mu-sic which

The third system of musical notation. It concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'fore; With a mu - sic as sweet as the mu-sic which' are written below the piano staff.

seems Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our

dreams! How bril-liant and mirth-ful the light of her

eye, Like a star glan-cing out from the

blue of the sky! And light - ly and

free - ly her dark tres - ses play O'er a

brow and a bo - som as love - ly as, they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door—
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?
'Tis the great Southern planter—the master who waves
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

“Nay, Ellen—for shame! Let those Yankee fools spin,
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their skin;
Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

But thou art too lovely and precious a gem
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them—
For shame, Ellen, shame!—cast thy bondage aside,
And a way to the South, as my blessing and pride.

Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,
Where the shade of the palm tree is over my home,
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom!

Oh, come to my home, where my servants shall all
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe,
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law.”

Oh, could ye have seen her—that pride of our girls
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel!

“Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold!
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;
But, dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves!

Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be
In fetters with *them*, than in freedom with *thee*!”

THE SLAVE'S LAMENTATION.

A Parody by Tucker.

Air, "Long, long ago."

Where are the friends that to me were so used to
Where are the hopes that my heart used to

I am de - gra - ded, for man was my
dear, Long, long a - go, long, long a -
cheer? Long, long a - go, long, long a -

foe, Long, long a - go, long, long a -
go! } Friends that I loved in the
go! }

grave are laid low, All hope of

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are interspersed between the musical staves. The score ends with a double bar line.

D. C.

free - dom, hath fled from me now.

Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head—
 Long, long ago—long ago!
 Oh, how I wept when I found she was dead!
 Long, long ago—long ago!
 She was my angel, my love and my pride—
 Vainly to save her from torture I tried,
 Poor broken heart! She rejoiced as she died,
 Long, long ago—long, long ago!

Let me look back on the days of my youth—
 Long, long ago—long ago!
 Master withheld from me knowledge and truth—
 Long, long ago—long ago!
 Crushed all the hopes of my earliest day,
 Sent me from father and mother away—
 Forbade me to read, nor allowed me to pray—
 Long, long ago—long, long ago!

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

Montgomery and Denison.

Tune, "Duane Street."

A poor way-far-ing man of grief, Hath

of-ten cross-ed me on my way, Who sued so humbly

for re-lief, That I could nev-er an-swer nay; I

had not power to ask his name, Whither he went or

whence he came; Yet there was something in his eye, Which

won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
 He entered—not a word he spake—
 Just perishing for want of bread,
 I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
 And ate, but gave me part again:
 Mine was an angel's portion then,
 For while I fed with eager haste,
 The crust was manna to my taste.

'Twas night. The floods were out, it blew
 A winter hurricane aloof:
 I heard his voice abroad, and flew
 To bid him welcome to my roof;
 I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
 I laid him on my couch to rest:
 Then made the ground my bed and seemed
 In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

I saw him bleeding in his chains,
 And tortured 'neath the driver's lash,
 His sweat fell fast along the plains,
 Deep dyed from many a fearful gash:
 But I in bonds remembered him,
 And strove to free each fettered limb,
 As with my tears I washed his blood,
 Me he baptized with mercy's flood.

I saw him in the negro pew,
His head hung low upon his breast,
His locks were wet with drops of dew,
Gathered while he for entrance pressed
Within those aisles, whose courts are given
That black and white may reach one heaven;
And as I meekly sought his feet,
He smiled, and made a throne my seat.

In prison I saw him next condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spoke, and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed,
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

WE'RE FOR FREEDOM THOUGH THE LAND.

Words by J. E. Robinson. Music arranged from the "Old Granite State."

We are com-ing, we are com-ing! free-dom's

bat - tle is be - gun! No hand shall furl her

ban - ner ere her vic - to - ry be won! Our

shields are locked for liber - ty, and mer - cy goes be-

fore: Ty-rants tremble in your cit - a - del! op-

pres-sion shall be o'er. We will vote for

freedom, We will vote for freedom, We will

vote for freedom Throughout our na-tive land.

We have hatred, dark and deep, for the fetter and the thong ;
 We bring light for prisoned spirits, for the captive's wail a song ;
 We are coming, we are coming ! and, " No league with tyrant man,"
 Is emblazoned on our banner, while Jehovah leads the van !

We will vote for freedom,
 We will vote for freedom,
 We will vote for freedom,
 Throughout our native land.

We are coming, we are coming ! but we wield no battle brand ;
 We are armed with truth and justice, with God's charter in our hand ;
 And our voice which swells for freedom—freedom now and ever more—
 Shall be heard as ocean's thunders, when they burst upon the shore !

We will vote for freedom,
 We will vote for freedom,
 We will vote for freedom,
 Throughout our native land.

Be patient, O, be patient! ye suffering ones of earth!
 Denied a glorious heritage—our common right by birth;
 With fettered limbs and spirits, your battle shall be won!
 O be patient—we are coming! suffer on, suffer on!

We will vote for freedom,
 We will vote for freedom,
 We will vote for freedom,
 Throughout our native land.

We are coming, we are coming! not as comes the tempest's wrath,
 When the frown of desolation sits brooding o'er its path;
 But with mercy, such as leaves his holy signet-light upon
 The air in lambent beauty, when the darkened storm is gone.

We will vote for freedom,
 We will vote for freedom,
 We will vote for freedom,
 Throughout our native land.

O, be patient in your misery! be mute in your despair!
 While your chains are grinding deeper, there's a voice upon the air!
 Ye shall feel its potent echoes, ye shall hear its lovely sound,
 We are coming! we are coming! bringing freedom to the bound!

We will vote for freedom,
 We will vote for freedom,
 We will vote for freedom,
 Throughout our native land.

NOTE.—Suggested by a song sung by George W. Clark, at a recent Convention held in Rochester, N. Y.

Raise a Shout for Liberty.

Air, "Old Granite State."

Come, all ye sons and daughters,
 Raise a shout from freedom's quarters,
 Like the voice of many waters,

Let it echo through the land ;

And let all the people,

And let all the people,

And let all the people,

Raise a shout for liberty !

We have long been benighted,
 And the cause of freedom slighted ;
 But we now are all united

To redeem our native land ;

And we mean to conquer, (*Repeat*)

With a shout for liberty !

Let us raise a song of gladness,
 To subdue the tyrant's madness,
 Let us cheer the bondman's sadness,

With the chorus of the free ;

And let all the people, &c.

Raise a shout for liberty !

Let Liberty awaken,
 And never be forsaken,
 Till the enemy is taken,

And the victory is won :—

Then will all the people, &c.

Raise a shout for liberty !

Come and join our holy mission,
 Whatsoever your condition,
 Let each honest politician,

Come and labor for the slave ;

We will bid you welcome, &c.

With a shout for liberty !

With the flag of freedom o'er us,
 And the light of truth before us,
 Let all freemen raise the chorus,

And the nation shall be free ;

Then with all the people, &c.

Raise a shout for liberty !

Then spread the proclamation,
 Throughout this guilty nation,
 And let every habitation

Be a dwelling of the free !

And let all the people, &c.

Raise a SHOUT FOR LIBERTY !

WE ARE ALL CHILDREN OF ONE PARENT.

Words from the Youth's Cabinet.

Music by L. Mason.

Sister, thou art worn and weary, Toiling for another's gain ;
Thou must rise at dawn of light, And thy daily task pursue,

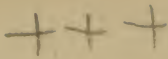
Life with thee is dark and dreary, Filled with wretchedness and pain.
Till the darkness of the night Hide thy labors from thy view.

Of, alas! thou hast to bear
Sufferings more than tongue can tell;
Thy oppressor will not spare,
But delights thy griefs to swell;
Oft thy back the scourge has felt,
Then to God thou'st raised the cry
That the tyrant's heart he'd melt
Ere thou should'st in tortures die.

Injured sister, well we know
That thy lot in life is hard;
Sad thy state of toil and wo,
From all blessedness debarred.
While each sympathizing heart
Pities thy forlorn distress;
We would sweet relief impart,
And delight thy soul to bless.

And what lies within our power
We most cheerfully will do,
That will haste the blissful hour
Fraught with news of joy to you;
And when comes the happy day
That shall free our captive friend,
When Jehovah's mighty sway
Shall to slavery put an end:

Then, dear sister, we with thee
Will to heaven direct our voice;
Joyfully with voices free
We'll in lofty strains rejoice;
Gracious God! thy name we'll bless,
Hallelujah evermore,
Thou hast heard in righteousness,
And our sister's griefs are o'er.



FUGITIVE'S TRIUMPH.

Parody by Tucker.

Music by PAX.

1. Go, go, thou that enslav'st me, Now, now thy power is o'er ; Long, long
 2. Thou, thou, brought'st me ever, Deep, deep sorrow and pain; But I
 3. Tyrant ! thou hast bereft me Home, friends, pleasures so sweet, Now, ^{[Now}

have I obeyed thee, I'm not a slave any more—No, no—oh, no!
 have left thee forever, Nor will I serve thee again—No, no—oh, no!
 forever I've left thee, Thou and I never shall meet—No, no—oh, no!

I'm a *free man* ever - more !
 No, I'll not serve thee a - gain.
 Thou and I never shall meet.

IV.
 Joys, joys, bright as the morning,
 Now, now, on me will pour,
 Hope, hope, on me is dawning,
 I'm not a slave any more !
 No, no—oh, no,
 I'm a FREE MAN evermore !

HELP! O HELP!

Tenderly.

G. W. C.

1. Help! O help! thou God of Christians! Save a mother from des-
 2. From my arms by force they're rended, Sailors drag them to the
 3. There my son lies pale and bleeding; Fast with cords his hands are

4. See his little sister by him, Quaking, trembling, how she
 5. Hear the little daughter begging—Take me, white men, for your

pair; Cru-el white men steal my children, God of
 sea— Yonder ship at an-chor rid-ing, Swift will
 bound; See the ty-rants, how they scourge him; See his

lies! Drops of blood her face be-sprinkle—Tears of
 own; Spare! O spare my darl-ing brother! He's my

VI.
 Christians, who's the God you worship?
 Is he cruel, fierce, or good?
 Does he take delight in mercy,
 Or in spilling human blood?

VII.
 Christians! hear my prayer.
 car-ry them a-way.
 sides a reek-ing wound.

“ Ah! my poor distracted mother!
 Hear her scream upon the shore!”
 Down the savage captain struck her
 Lifeless on the vessel's floor.

VIII.
 Up his sails he quickly hoisted,
 To the ocean bent his way:
 Headlong plunged the raving mother
 From a rock into the sea.

anguish fill her eyes.
 mother's on-ly son.

MY COUNTRY.

Tune—"God save the King," or "America."

1. My country, 'tis for thee, Dark land of slavery,
2. My na - tive country! thee, Land of the noble free—
3. From ev - 'ry mountain side, Upon the ocean's tide,

4. Arise! break every band, And sound throughout this land.
5. Our fathers' God! to thee, Author of li - ber - ty,

For thee I weep; Land where the slave has sighed,
Of lib - er - ty— My na - tive coun - try, weep!
They call on thee; A - mid thy rocks and rills,

Sweet Free - dom's song: No groans their song shall break,
To thee we pray: Soon may our land be pure,

And where he toiled and died, To serve a
A fast in sor - row keep; The stain is
Thy woods and tem - pled hills, I hear a

But all that breathe par - take, And slaves their
Let Free - dom's light en - dure, And lib - er -

ty - rant's pride— For thee I weep.
 foul and deep Of sla - ve - ry.
 voice which thrills— Let all go free.

si - lence break— The sound pro - long.
 all se - cure, Be - neath thy sway.

The Liberty Army.

Our brother, lo! we come!
 But not with sounding drum
 We come to thee.
 No bloody flag we bear;
 No implements of war
 Nor carnage red shall mar
 Our victory.

Our flag is spotless white,
 Our watch-word, "Freedom's Right
 To all be given."
 Our emblem is the dove,
 Our weapons, Truth and Love,
 Our Captain, God above,
 Who rules in Heaven:

Behold! Salvation's King
 On the dark tempest's wing
 In haste comes down,
 Oppression's cheek is pale,
 And despots blanch and quail;—
 The parting clouds reveal
 Jehovah's frown!

Exult ye valleys now!
 Ye melting mountains flow
 To meet your King!
 Let Slavery's knell be rung!
 Oppression's dirge be sung!
 And every bondman's tongue
 Of *freedom* sing!

Spirit of Freemen, Awake!

Spirit of Freemen, wake;
 No truce with slavery make,
 Thy deadly foe;
 In fair disguises dress'd,
 Too long hast thou caress'd
 The serpent in thy breast;
 Now lay him low.

Sons of the free! we call
 On you, in field and hall,
 To rise as one;
 Your heav'n-born rights maintain
 Nor let oppression's chain
 On human limbs remain;
 Speak, and 'tis done.

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

Longfellow.

Bavaria—German Air.

1. Loud he sang the psalm of David! He a ne - gro and en -
Sang of Israel's glorious vict'ry, Sang of Zion, bright and
In a voice so sweet and clear That I could not choose but

Fine.

slaved, }
free. } In that hour, when night is calmest, Sang he
hear.

II.

D.C.

Songs of triumph and ascriptions
Such as reach'd the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.
And the voice of his devotion
Fill'd my soul with strange emotion,
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

from the Hebrew Psalmist,

III.

D.C.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.
But, alas, what holy angel
Brings the slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

Appeal to Woman.

I.

Sister! were thy brother bleeding,
Shedding slavery's scalding tear,
If for him we now came pleading,
Should we meet the cruel sneer?
Daughter! were thy parent weeping,
Clanking now the iron chain,
Should we come and find thee sleeping,—
Rouse thee, but to plead in vain?

II.

Mother! were thy nursling taken
From thee by a ruffian hand,
Should we find thee now unshaken
Hear thee say,—“'Tis God's command!”
Should thou see thy loved and chosen—
Thy fond husband sold for gain,
Thou wouldst deem that bosom frozen,
That should heedless know thy pain.

III.

Why then loiter, freedom's daughter!
Hear ye not the plaintive tone,
Wafted from the field of slaughter?
'Tis a sister's dying moan?
Sisters! Mothers! lift your voices,
Join, the cursed chain to break;
Onward, till the slave rejoices,
Freed from bondage: wake—oh! wake.

FREEMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.*

Tune—"Watchman, tell us of the Night."

Question.

1. Free - man, tell us of the night, What its
2. Free - man, tell us of the night, Does its

3. Free - man, shall our fet - ter'd race Cease to

Answer.

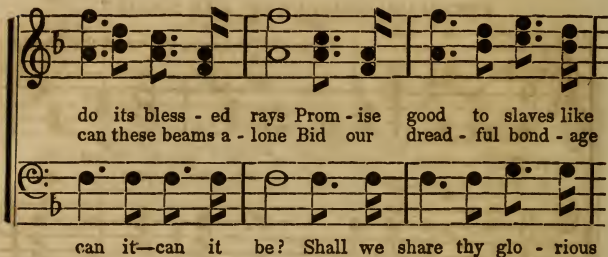
signs of prom - ise are: Bond - man—lo! Brit - tan - nia's
star ap - proach our land? Bond - man—mark yon dawn - ing

wear the gall - ing chain? Bond - man—lo! the God of

Question.

light! Free - dom's glo - ry beam - ing star! Free - man!
light! Lo! the break - ing day's at hand; Free - man!

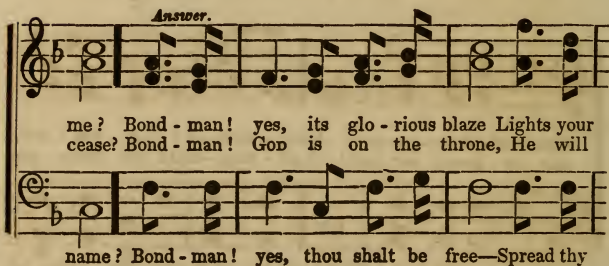
* To be sung, when practicable, responsively, or as a Dialogue



do its bless - ed rays Prom - ise good to slaves like
can these beams a - lone Bid our dread - ful bond - age

can it—can it be? Shall we share thy glo - rious

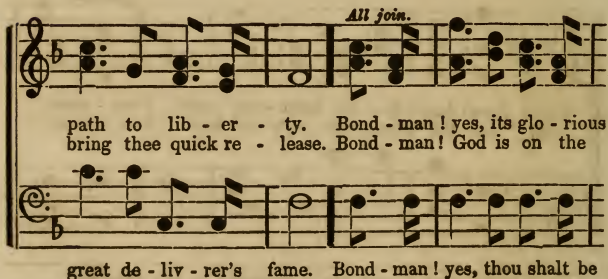
Answer.



me? Bond - man! yes, its glo - rious blaze Lights your
cease? Bond - man! God is on the throne, He will

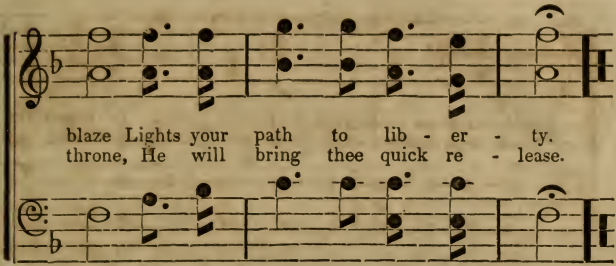
name? Bond - man! yes, thou shalt be free—Spread thy

All join.



path to lib - er - ty. Bond - man! yes, its glo - rious
bring thee quick re - lease. Bond - man! God is on the

great de - liv - rer's fame. Bond - man! yes, thou shalt be



blaze Lights your path to lib - er - ty.
 throne, He will bring thee quick re - lease.

free — Spread thy great de - liv - rer's name.

THE BRANDED HAND*

Words by Whittier.

Music by G. W. C.

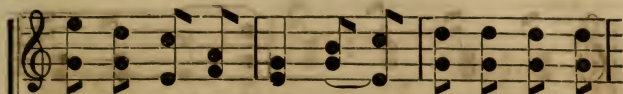
1. Welcome home a - gain, brave sea - man! With thy thoughtful
 2. Why, that brand is bright - est hon - or!— Than its tra - ces
 3. As the tem - plar home was welcom'd, Back from Sy -
 4. He suf - fer'd for the ran - som Of the dear Re -

5. In thy lone and long night watch-es, Sky a - bove and
 6. That he, who treads pro-fane - ly On the scrolls of
 7. Then lift thy man - ly right hand, Bold ploughman
 8. Hold it up be - fore our sun-shine, Up a - gainst our

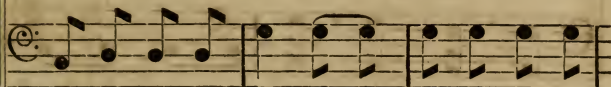
brow and grey, And the old he - ro - ic spi - rit, Of our
 nev - er yet Up - on old ar - mo - rial hatchments Was a
 ri - an wars, The scars of A - rab lan - ces, And of
 deem-er's grave, Thou for His liv - ing presence In the

wave be - low, Thou didst learn a high - er wis - dom Than the
 law and creed, In the depths of God's great goodness May find
 of the wave! Its brand - ed palm shall proph - e - cy "Sal -
 North-ern air— Ho! men of Mas - sa - chu - setts, For the

* JONATHAN WALKER, a citizen of Massachusetts, returning from Florida, on the high seas took on board his ship, and befriended some poor fugitives escaping from the horrors of slavery. For this humane act he was imprisoned at Pensacola, Florida, made to pay a fine, put in the stocks, pelted with eggs, and at last the letters "S. S" branded into the living flesh of his right hand, with a hot iron. These lines were addressed to him by Whittier, on his return home.



ear - lier, bet - ter day—With that brow of calm en -
 proud - er bla - zon set; And thy un - born gen - er -
 Pay - nim scim - e - tars, The pal - lor of the
 bound and bleed - ing slave; He for a soil no



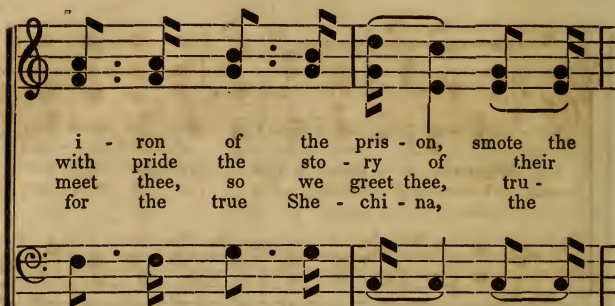
bab - bling school men know; God's stars and si - lence
 mer - cy in his need; But wo to him that
 va - tion to the Slave!" Hold up its fire - wrought
 love of God look there! Take it hence - forth for your



du - rance, On whose stea - dy nerve in vain Press'd the
 a - tions, As they crowd our rock - y strand, Shall tell
 pris - on, And the shackle's crim - son span, So we
 long - er By the feet of an - gels trod, Thou

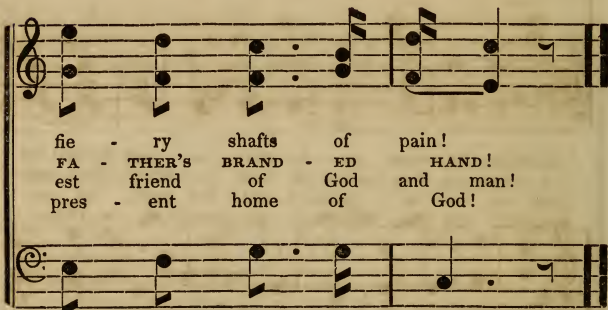


taught thee As His an - gels on - ly can, That, the
 crush - es The soul with chain and rod, And
 lan - guage, That who - so reads may feel His
 standard— Like Bruce's heart of yore, In the



i - ron of the pris - on, smote the
with pride the sto - ry of their
meet thee, so we greet thee, tru -
for the true She - chi - na, the

one, sole sa - cred thing be - neath the
herds with low - er na - ture the
heart swell strong with - in him, his
dark strife clo - sing round ye, let that



fi - ry shafts of pain!
FA - THER'S BRAND - ED HAND!
est friend of God and man!
pres - ent home of God!

cope of heaven is man!
aw - ful form of God!
sin - ews change to steel.
hand be seen be - fore!

“HOLY TIME.”

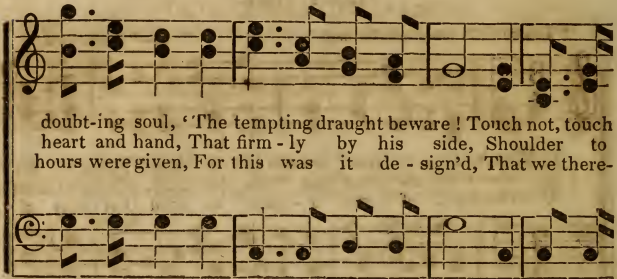
“The Sabbath was made for man.”

Tune—“Somerville.”

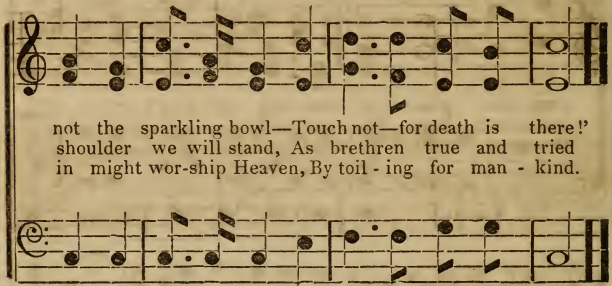
1. What's 'ho - ly time?' What's 'ho - ly time?' There is no
 2. To raise the bond-man from the dust, Where he hath
 3. The light of home a - gain to shed O'er many a

time too pure To win the er - ring back from crime,
 suf - fer'd long, To bid him hope with joy - ful trust,
 drea - ry hearth; To raise once more the tones long fled—

The wav'-ring to se - cure; To whis - per to the
 Take courage, and be strong; To pledge to him our
 The tones of joy and mirth. For this the Sab - bath's



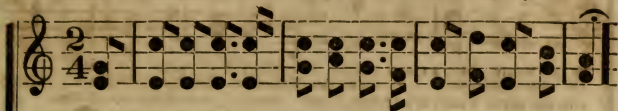
doubt-ing soul, 'The tempting draught beware ! Touch not, touch
heart and hand, That firm - ly by his side, Shoulder to
hours were given, For this was it de - sign'd, That we there-



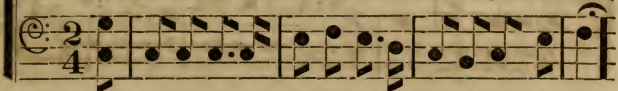
not the sparkling bowl—Touch not—for death is there!
shoulder we will stand, As brethren true and tried
in might wor-ship Heaven, By toil - ing for man - kind.

SLAVEHOLDER'S LAMENT.

Words by L. P. Judson. Music arranged from "Lucy Neal," by G. W. C.



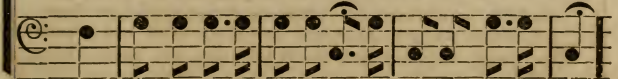
1. What shall we do? Slaveholders cry, O'erwhelmed with dreadful grief,
2. We preach and print in every mood, And rob the "ne-gro pen,"
3. These are our fears, and this our dread, They're based on grounds too true,



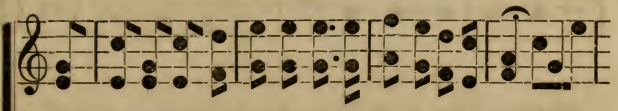
4. We've worked and toiled, and raved and foamed, and hoped to keep them down
5. What shall we do? O what, say what? Our foes in-crease and rise,



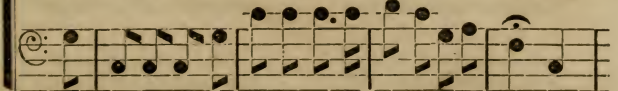
Slave - ry we fear must quick - ly die, Un - less we find re - lief.
Railroads and stages through the wood, take "*things*" and make them *men*;
 That slave - ry soon must yield its head, And van - ish like the dew;



By prayers to Congress snugly room'd, Unread, referr'd, or known;
 Old Slave - ry reels! the fe - ver's hot—She pants—she gasps—she dies,



Fa - nat - ics labor night and day, The North is in a blaze, While
 But worst of all, the Free soil crew Seem reckless of our fate—Of
 The old "North Star" we've *voted down*, And told him not to shine, But



We've robb'd the mail, and taken lives, And then to fright the rest, We've
 What shall we do? We'll give it up, And with the North agree, To

in the South there's many a man Fears not his voice to raise.
 all the acts we've seen them do, The *vote's* the thing we hate.
 still he gives Victoria's crown These "*things*" from Southern clime.

brandished rifles, bowie-knives, "cold steel and Dupont's best."
 To take the draught from freedom's cup, **LET ALL MANKIND BE FREE.**

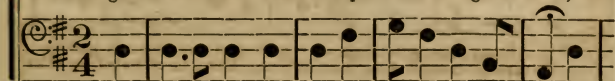
TO-NIGHT!

Slow.

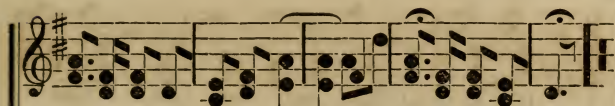
G. W. C.



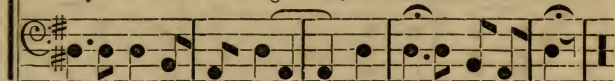
1. To - night the bond - man, Lord, Is bleed - ing in his chains ; And
2. To - night is heard the shriek Of pain and an - guish wild ; And



3. To-night, with stealthy tread, While doors and locks are barr'd, The



loud the fall - ing lash is heard, On Car - o - li - na's plains ?
one by one her heart - strings break, As Ra - chel mourns her child !



slave devours the crumb of bread, The dogs left in the yard !

IV.

To-night, in swamp or brake,
The fugitive, Oh God! [track,
Hears baying blood-hounds on his
Eager to drink his blood!

VI.

Whilst he pursues his flight
With bleeding heart and limb—
Shall we petition Thee, to-night,
And not remember *him* ?

V.

Oh, may no cloud arise
To hide the Pole-star's ray,
Which smiles, and beckons from the
-beer him on his way. [skies.

VII.

O God! do thou provide,
And sure assistance give ;
And in thy dark pavilion hide,
The trembling fugitive.

I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE!

Words by Mrs. Hemans.

Music by G. W. C.

1. I dream of all things free!
 2. I dream of some proud bird,
 3. Of a hap - py for - est child,

The first system of music features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Below the treble staff is a bass staff with a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass line consists of quarter and eighth notes.

Of a gal - lant, gal - lant bark, That
 A bright-eyed moun - tain king; In
 With the fawns and flowers at play; Of

The second system continues the melody in the treble clef and bass line in common time. The lyrics are aligned with the notes.

sweeps thro' the storm at sea, Like an
 my vis - ions I have heard The
 an In - dian midst the wild, With the

The third system concludes the piece with the same musical notation as the previous systems.

ar - row to its mark! Of a
rust - ling of his wing. I fol -
stars to guide his way: Of a

stag that o'er the hills Goes
low some wild riv - er, On whose
chief his war - riors lead - ing, Of an

bound - ing in his glee; Of a
breast no sail may be; Dark woods
arch - er's green wood tree— My heart

thou - sand flash - ing rills - . . .
a - round it shiv - er - . . .
in chains is bleed - ing, . . .

Of all things glad and free. Of
I dream of all things free. I
And I dream of all things free. And I

all dream . . . things glad and free.
dream . . . of all things free.
dream . . . of all things free.

A Man's a Man.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Tune, "Our Warrior's Hearts," page 123.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that;
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor, for a' that;
 For a' that and a' that;
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd, for a' that,

What though on homely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden gray and a' that,
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that;
 The honest man tho' e'er so poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will, for a- that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world all o'er
 Shall brother's be, for a' that.

Terms explained :— *Gowd*—gold.

Hodden—homespun, or mean

Gree—honor, or victory.

The Poor Voter's Song.

Air, "Lucy Long."

They knew that I was poor,
 And they thought that I was base;
 They thought that I'd endure
 To be covered with disgrace;
 They thought me of their tribe,
 Who on filthy lucre doat,
 So they offered me a bribe
 For my vote, boys! my vote!

O shame upon my betters,
 Who would my conscience buy!
 But I'll not wear their fetters,
 Not I, indeed, not I!

My vote? It is not mine
 To do with as I will;
 To cast, like pearls, to swine,
 To these wallowers in ill.
 It is my country's due,
 And I'll give it, while I can,
 To the honest and the true,
 Like a man, like a man!
 O shame, &c.

No, no, I'll hold my vote,
 As a treasure and a trust,
 My dishonor none shall quote,
 When I'm mingled with the dust;
 And my children when I'm gone,
 Shall be strengthened by the thought,
 That their father was not one
 To be bought, to be bought!
 O shame, &c.

The Flying Slave.

FROM THE BANGOR GAZETTE.

AIR :—" *To Greece we give our shining blades.*"

The night is dark, and keen the air,
 And the Slave is flying to be free;
 His parting word is one short prayer:
 Oh God, but give me Liberty!
 Farewell—farewell:
 Behind I leave the whips and chains,
 Before me spreads sweet Freedom's plains.

One star shines in the heavens above
 That guides him on his lonely way;—
 Star of the North—how deep his love
 For thee, thou star of Liberty!
 Farewell—farewell:
 Behind he leaves the whips and chains,
 Before him spreads sweet Freedom's plains.

(From the Globe.)

The Ballot.

BY J. E. DOW.

Air, "Bonnie Doon," page 54.

Dread sovereign, thou! the chainless WILL—
 Thy source the nation's mighty heart—
 The ballot box thy cradle still—
 Thou speak'st, and nineteen millions start;
 Thy subjects, sons of noble sires,
 Descendants of a patriot band—
 Thy lights a million's household fires—
 Thy daily walk, my native land.

And shall the safeguard of the free,
 By valor won on gory plains,
 Become a solemn mockery
 While freemen breathe and virtue reigns?
 Shall liberty be bought and sold
 By guilty creatures clothed with power?
 IS HONOR but a name for GOLD,
 And PRINCIPLE A WITHERED FLOWER?

The parricide's accursed steel
 Has pierced thy sacred sovereignty;
 And all who think, and all who feel,
 Must act or never more be free.
 No party chains shall bind us here;
 No mighty name shall turn the blow:
 Then, wounded sovereignty, appear,
 And lay the base apostates low.

The wretch, with hands by murder red,
 May hope for mercy at the last;
 And he who steals a nation's bread,
 May have oblivion's statute passed.
 But he who steals a sacred right,
 And brings his native land to scorn,
 Shall die a traitor in her sight,
 With none to pity or to mourn.

The Spirit of the Pilgrims.

Tune, "Be free, Oh man, be free," page 134

The spirit of the Pilgrims
 Is spreading o'er the earth,
 And millions now point to the land
 Where Freedom had her birth:

Hark! Hear ye not the earnest cry
 That peals o'er every wave?—
 "God above,
 In thy love,
 O liberate the slave!"

Ye heard of trampled Poland,
 And of her sons in chains,
 And noble thoughts flashed through **your minds**
 And fire flowed through your veins.
 Then wherefore hear ye not the cry
 That breaks o'er land and sea?—
 "On each plain,
 Rend the chain,
 And set the captive free!"

Oh, think ye that our fathers,
 (That noble patriot band,)
 Could now look down with kindling joy,
 And smile upon the land?
 Or would a trumpet-tone go forth,
 And ring from shore to shore;—
 "All who stand,
 In this land,
 Shall be free for evermore!"

Great God, inspire thy children,
 And make thy creatures just,
 That every galling chain may fall,
 And crumble into dust:
 That not one soul throughout the land
 Our fathers died to save,
 May again,
 By fellow-men,
 Be branded as a Slave!

What Mean Ye?

TUNE—'Ortonville.'

What mean ye that ye bruise and bind
 My people, saith the Lord,
 And starve your craving brother's mind,
 Who asks to hear my word?

What mean ye that ye make them toil,
 Through long and dreary years,
 And shed like rain upon your soil
 Their blood and bitter tears?

What mean ye, that ye dare to rend
 The tender mother's heart?
 Brothers from sisters, friend from freind,
 How dare you bid them part?

What mean ye when God's bounteous hand,
 To you so much has given,
 That from the slave who tills your land,
 Ye keep both earth and heaven?

When at the judgment God shall call,
 Where is thy brother? say,
 What mean ye to the Judge of all
 To answer on that day?

Hymn for Children.

AIR:—"Miss Lucy Long."

BY W. S. ABBOTT.

While we are happy here,
 In joy and peace and love,
 We'll raise our hearts, with holy fear
 To thee, great God, above.

God of our infant hours!
 The music of our tongues,
 The worship of our nobler powers
 To thee, to thee belongs.

The little, trembling slave
 Shall feel our sympathy;
 O God, arise with might to save
 And set the captive free.

No parent's holy care
 Provides for him repose,
 But oft the hot and briny tear,
 In sorrow freely flows.

The God of Abraham praise,
 The curse he will remove;
 The slave shall welcome happy days,
 With liberty and love.

Pray without ceasing, pray,
 Ye saints of God Most High,
 That all who hail this glorious day,
 May have their liberty.

The Voice of the People.

Music and Chorus on the 26th and 27th pages; or, Rory O'Moore.

The voice of the people, like thunder's deep roar,
Or the rush of the sea when it breaks on the shore,
Speaks forth to the world with omnipotent might
In defence of humanity, of freedom and right;
From river to river, from mountain to vale
Floats lightly the grand, patriotic appeal;
" 'Tis heard in the cottage, 'tis heard in the hall,"
And thousands respond to the glorious call.

But why this commotion—say, why this display;
This rush of the people in adverse array?
Are the masses before us in fight to engage?
Are we invaded—this the battle's fierce rage?
No, nought of all this, the invasion we scorn;
Long since, of its magic the sceptre was shorn.
Not England's proud kingdom does liberty dread:
Her vials were poured on our infantile head:
But despots at home, the legalized lord
Our fears and our sad apprehensions afford.

He now aspires to the mantle of state,
Who holds the poor slave in his down-trodden state,
E'en now, at his gate the wan menial stands,
Awaiting, with fear, his grin lordling's commands;
E'en now, at his door, the sobs and the sighs
Of thousands on thousands, commingling arise;
Thus Africa's sons in terror must cower
In the land of the free to a fallen man's power.

But the days of the despot are numbered, thank God!
Not long shall the weak be enchained by his nod;
Not long shall pale fear and dejected despair
Send forth the wild shriek on the nocturnal air;
For the voice of the freemen, that terrible roll,
Will tear with convulsions the slave-holder's soul;
The chains of the menial will fall to the ground,
And he stand redeemed at the wonderful sound.

Arouse, then, O freemen, speak forth in your might,
In defence of humanity, of freedom and right;
"Free labor, free soil," be your watch-word and cry,
Let it burst o'er the earth—resound through the sky;
"Free labor, free soil," let the oligarch hear,
Till his shelterless soul shall tremble with fear.
Arouse to the conflict and charge on our foes.
We've a God to battle, who can oppose?

CUSSEWAGO, 1844.

T. E. T.

Liberty Glee.TUNE :—" *The Pirate's Glee.*"

March on! march on! we love the Liberty flag,
 That's waving o'er our land;
 As fearless as the eagle soaring
 O'er the cloud-capped mountain crag.
 Slavery in terror flies before us;
 We fling our banner to the blast;
 It there shall float triumphant o'er us,
 We will defend it to the last.

March on! march on, &c.

Vote on! vote on, we hail the Liberty flag,
 That leads us on our way;
 We'll boldly vote, our country saving,
 And bravely conquer while we may.
 The world is up—for freedom moving,
 The thunders' distant roar we hear—
 From land to land the free are calling,
 And slaves with joy and rapture hear.

Vote on! vote on, &c.

March on! March on!TUNE :—" *The Pirate's Glee.*"

March on! march on, ye friends of freedom for all,
 For truth and right contend;
 Be ever ready at humanity's call,
 Till tyrant's power shall end.
 The proud slave-holders rule the nation,
 The people's groans are loud and long;
 Arouse, ye men, in every station,
 And join to crush the power of wrong.—March on, etc.

Fight on! fight on, ye brave till victory's won,
 And justice shall prevail;
 Till all shall feel the rays of liberty's sun,
 Streaming o'er hill and dale.

The tyrants know their guilt and tremble,
 The glowing light of truth they fear;
 Then let them all their hosts assemble,
 And Slavery's dreadful sentence hear.

Fight on! fight on, &c.

Roll on! roll on, ye brave, the liberty car,
 Our country's name to save;
 Soon shall our land be known to nations afar,
 As the home of the free and brave.

The voice of freemen loud hath spoken,
 A brighter day we soon shall see;
 When Slavery's chains shall all be broken,
 And all the captive millions free.

Roll on, roll on, &c.

COME, VOTERS, COME.

Con Spirito.

G. W. C.

1. Come, vo - ters, come! Trumpet and drum! Morn -
4. Rise! vo - ters, rise! Lift to the skies! O'er

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody with eighth and quarter notes, some with slurs and accents. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

ing is break-ing! Free - dom a - waking! 2. Hark!
o'er earth - y sadness! Songs of your gladness! 5. Then

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It features similar rhythmic patterns and melodic lines, with some notes marked with accents and slurs.

hark! the sound! Echoes a-round! Come, come a -
as they roll! Quick to the poll! Haste, haste a -

The third system of music concludes the piece. It maintains the established musical style with a final melodic phrase and accompaniment. The lyrics end with a dash, suggesting the text continues on the next page.

way, And give your vote for lib - er - ty.
 way, And give your vote for lib - er - ty.

3. O'er the land the peal is ring - ing!
 6. Young and old in one com - bi - ning!

And hope is bright, and hearts are gay!
 And fair or with - er'd, Sad or gay;

Ev' - ry lip a wel - come sing - ing,
 All as with one soul u - ni - ting—

Come, and help the cause to day.
 Come, and help the cause to day.

The Watchword of the Free.

Air—"Auld Lang Syne," page 39.

Hurrah to the note that rising swells
 From lake to rolling sea!
 Of truth and victory it tells—
 'Tis the watchword of the Free.
 That watchword comes o'er hill and plain,
 From western lands afar;
 Our ocean waves repeat the strain—
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

The star our fathers watched of yore,
 To guide their steps aright,
 Though long bedimm'd, displays once more
 Its rays of peerless light.
 It shines on many a hill and plain
 Of Western lands afar;
 It gleams upon the rocks of Maine—
 Huzza! huzza! huzza!

And sunnier climes the anthem spread
 O'er their time-honored graves,
 To tell us Freedom's light is shed,
 E'en on a land of slaves.
 Our free note from Iowa's plain,
 Where sinks the evening star,
 Is echoing from the rocks of Maine,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Hail to the tillers of the land,
 Whose brave hearts beating free,
 Disdain with fettered slaves to stand,
 And bend the suppliant knee.
 Their watchword from Iowa's plain,
 Borne on the breeze afar,
 Is echoing from the rocks of Maine—
 Huzza! huzza! huzza!

We vow by all the rights of toil,
 And by our fathers' graves,
 The air that floats o'er Freedom's soil,
 Shall not be breathed by slaves!
 Our free note from Iowa's plain,
 Where sets the western star,
 Is echoing from the rocks of Maine—
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Hail to our "Empire's" honor'd one—
 One loud acclaim for thee!
 Hail to our Adams' gifted son,
 Apostles of the Free!

It comes from many a western plain,
 Borne on the breeze afar ;
 It rings amid the rocks of Maine—
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

The Emblem of the Free.

Air—"Tis dawn : the lark is singing," page 31.

Our emblem is the Cedar,
 That knoweth not decay ;
 Its growth shall bless the mountains,
 Till mountains pass away.

Its top shall greet the sunshine—
 Its leaves shall drink the rain ;
 And on its lower branches,
 The slave shall hang his chain.

God bless the Free Soil party—
 The party of the free,
 And give it faith and courage
 To strike for Liberty.

This party—we will name it
 THE PARTY OF THE WHOLE !—
 Hath for a firm foundation,
 The substance of the Soul.

It groweth out of reason,
 The strongest soil on earth
 How glorious is the promise
 Of Him who gave it birth !

Of what is true and living,
 God makes himself the nurse
 While "ONWARD" cry the voices
 Of all His Universe.

Free Soil Song.

Tune—"Indian Chief."

Ye sons of the soil, where for Freedom your sires
 Struck the sparks from the flint to enkindle its fires,
 Shall the demon of Slavery now rule with a rod,
 The soil that was wet with your forefather's blood ?

Chorus.—From the shores of Atlantic e'en to the far West,
 Where'er beats a heart in a true freeman's breast,
 From hill-top and mountain to valley below,
 Let the answer be echoed in thunder-tones—"NO !"

Then, freemen, arouse and go forth in your might,
 United and firm for the truth and the right ;
 With the right on our side, and the power in our hand,
 Shall oppression be suffered to stalk through the land ?

Chorus.—From the shores of Atlantic, &c.

In the conflict with slavery shall freedom succumb,
 And the priests of her altar be silent and dumb?
 Shall the sons of the Pilgrims bow down with dismay,
 And cravenly cower beneath slaveholding sway?
Chorus.—From the shores of Atlantic, &c.

Huzza for Free Soil! Free Soil evermore,
 Till its boundaries embrace on our land every shore;
 And should traitors essay the foul curse to extend,
Shall it any less speedily come to its end?
Chorus.—From the shores of Atlantic, &c.

The Free Soil Voter's Song.

BY A. WARREN STEARNS.

Air—"Sweet Home." Lively and brisk in the manner of the Italian organists.

Hark! the sound is swelling louder;
 Hear it booming o'er the plain,
 Like the rush of mighty waters—
 Hark! its echo rings again!
 Through the valley, o'er the mountain,
 By the river-side and sea,
 From Penobscot's farthest fountain,
 And from every northern lea.

List again! the sound approaches
 Nearer yet, and nearer still;
 Lo, they come—the marshalled forces,
 Streaming over yonder hill.
 'Tis the mighty hosts of freemen,
 And the hardy sons of toil;
 They are girding on their armor,
 And their cry is heard—"Free Soil!"

Freemen, up! let's join the chorus—
 Let us swell the increasing throng;
 All around us, and before us,
 See the tide that rolls along.
 They rally from the northern lake,
 And from the eastern hill,
 While from their western prairie homes,
 Behold them coming still.

Who would tarry now, or linger?
 Coward—let him stay behind;
 Freedom's cause must not be perilled—
 We a better man can find.
 On, with speed! our eagle's soaring,
 Waves his pinions once again;
 Slavery's chain shall break asunder,
 E'er it reach the western main.

Sing aloud the songs that gladden
 Each free soil voter's heart :
 Foes are spreading—hopes may wither—
 One more cheer before we part.
 Huzza ! huzza ! for freedom's cause,
 Nor yield it but with life ;
 We have listed for the battle—
 We are ready for the strife.

The Buffalo Convention.

Music and Chorus, pp. 26, 27—or “Rory O'More.”

They come from the mountain, they come from the glen,
 Their motto—“Free Labor, Free Soil, and Free Men ;”
 They sweep to the rally like clouds to the storm,
 From hill-top and valley they gather and form.

They cry, “To the rescue !” their march is begun,
 Their number is legion—their hearts are but one ;
 Their cause is their country, they war for the right,
 And the minions of slavery turn pale at the sight.

At the voice of Jehovah the ocean waves stayed—
 Its billows rolled back, and the mandate obeyed ;
 Thus the tyrant is checked—he beholds with surprise,
 The slave power recoil when stern freemen arise.

They speak—and that voice shall awaken mankind
 From the sleep that has rested so long on the mind ;
 “No party shall bind us—we are free from this hour ;
 We bow not in meekness to slaveholding power.”

Thou monster Oppression, shrink back to thy den,
 For the shackles have burst from the spirits of men ;
 They spread their broad pinions, all proudly they soar ;
 Thy efforts are vain—thou canst bind them no more.

Where slavery now rears its broad front to the day,
 Let them hug the foul fiend to their hearts as they may ;
 But there they must stop, for we sternly proclaim,
 No slave shall pollute our free soil with his chain.

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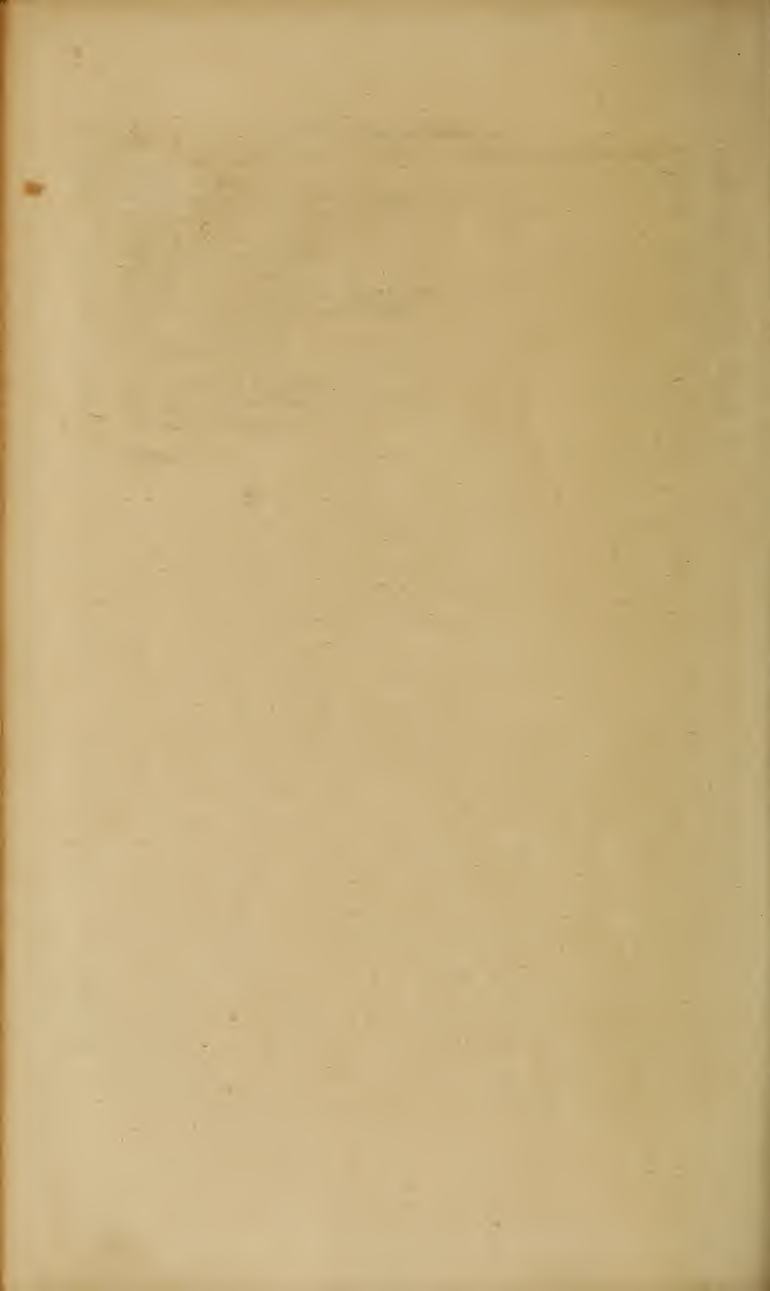
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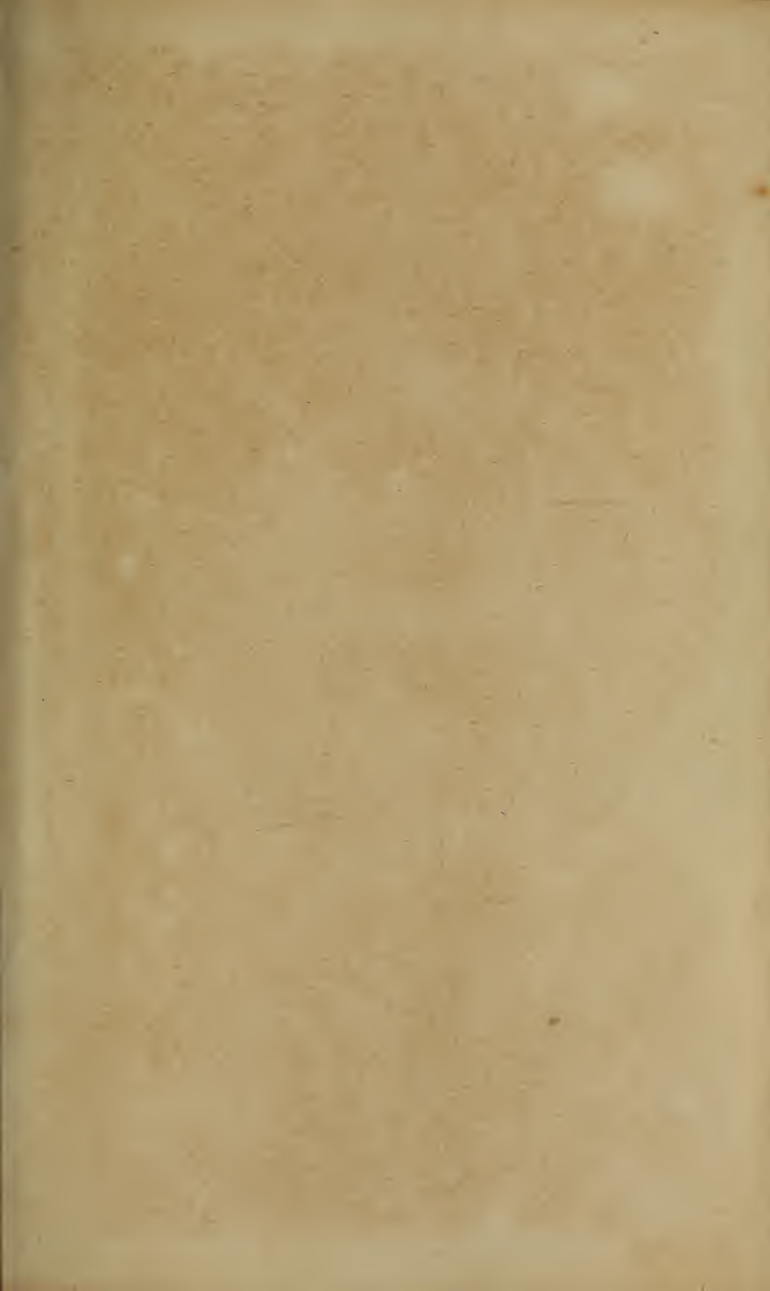
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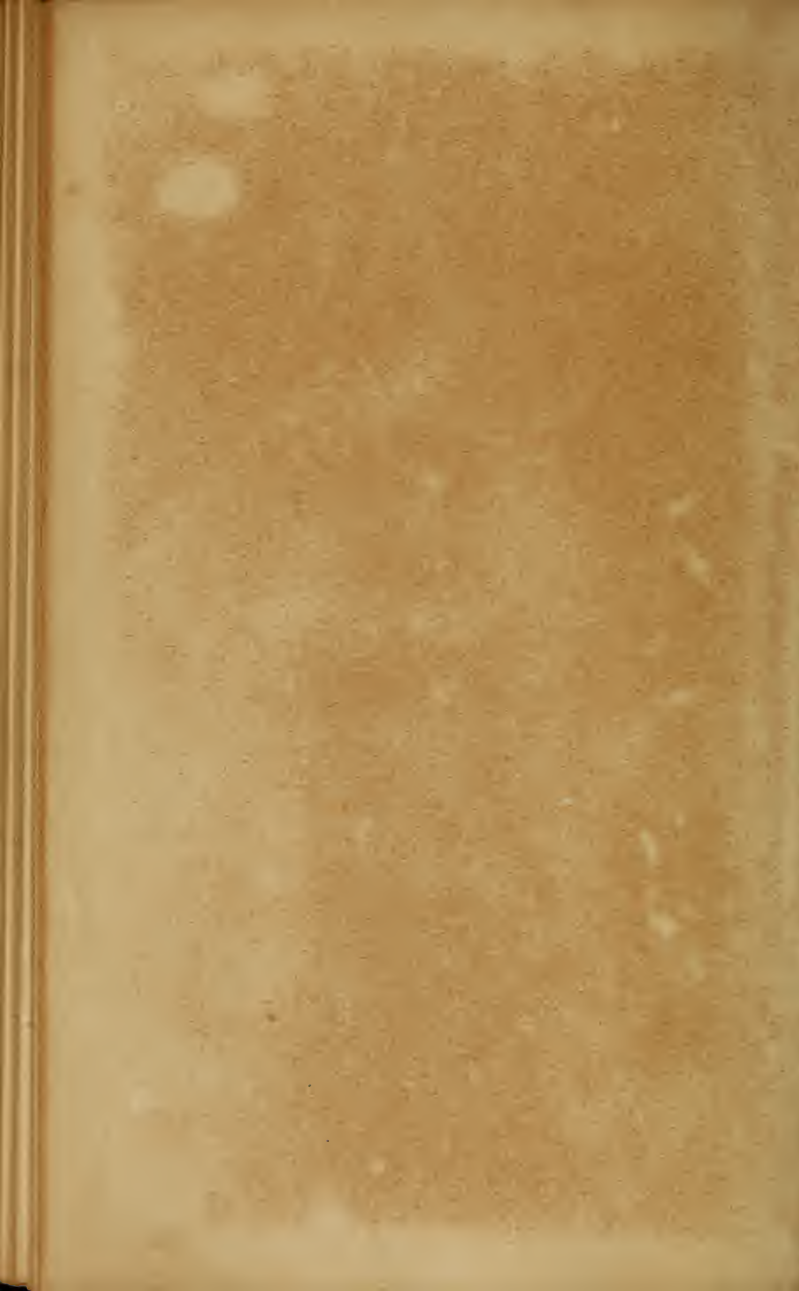
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